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ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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No. 521 West 13th Street, New York.

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ALL AMONG OURSELVES.

LABOUCHERE calls it *entre nous*; but I prefer the good old English words, when one can say things quite as expressively as in foreign tongues.

AND these talks are to be all among ourselves every week—about everything and everybody worth talking about; and, first of all this week, let the subject be the blizzards, one of which came swooping down upon us with a horrid front—one thousand miles broad—of wind and rain and snow and sleet that kept all the shovels in New York busy for three or four days, and brought out all the available sleighs on the avenues. 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the blizzards were a god-send to many poor fellows waiting for a job.

THIS atmospheric rampage was coincident with a mild political onslaught upon the Democratic head of the nation. A very able criticism of the promises, policy and disappointments of "the party" with the administration of Grover Cleveland made its appearance in print, according to which the President has not met the expectations even of the anti-snappers. In fact, the criticism is by an anti-snapper, who does not give his name, but who accuses the President of not listening to his best friends and of allowing himself to be misguided by Mr. William C. Whitney, who, in turn, is accused of appropriating the honors rightly belonging to Mr. Fairchild.

ANOTHER remarkable coincidence is the publication of a scathing letter, by Henry Cabot Lodge, on "the opportunity of the Republican Party." What the country most needs, according to H. C. L., is rest, and that is what ONCE A WEEK has been telling the people, inside and outside Congress, for some time.

"THE return of the Republican party to power," Mr. Lodge declares, "would mean a time of rest to the business world, so that we could again gather our strength and revive our industries, untroubled by the threat of disastrous and experimental legislation." That is precisely the cry that the Democrats raised against the Republicans when, with Cleveland as their standard-bearer, the Democrats persuaded the voters to hand over to them once more the reins of power. But Mr. Lodge says the Democrats only used the cry to deceive—that they were never concerned about the sequel to their little work of fiction—and, in short, that they have, since the whole power, executive and legislative, fell under their control, proved themselves incompetent to deal with the grave problems of government presented for solution, and reckless of the consequences of the alarms raised by their own outcries against the Sherman Act and the McKinley tariff. Mr. Cleveland delayed to call Congress together, to begin at once the fight for repeal, "which would have removed the danger of the disappearance of gold by stopping the purchase of silver," and he neglected to issue bonds, or announce a readiness to issue them to any amount, and "thus prevent the disappearance of gold by adding to the supply of that metal."

AND thus the country, Mr. Lodge declares, was allowed "to drift helplessly and trust to the chapter of accidents." The repeal of the Sherman Law came too

late to save the country from disaster. The efforts of Secretary Carlisle to furnish relief were opposed by his own party in Congress. The ruling party is bitterly divided on the tariff question, civil service reform, economy in administration, the currency, and, in fact, on nearly every important issue before the country; so that the country, instead of having a long rest, has no rest at all. It is alarmed, doubtful and dissatisfied. From all of this Mr. Lodge concludes that the country is ripe for a change again, and that the opportunity for the G. O. P. has come again. Here is his peroration:

"When the great soldier led the Republican party to victory in 1865 the watchword that he gave to the country was, 'Let us have peace.' In this time of misfortune and poverty, of financial depression and business wreck, the watchword of the Republican party should be, 'Let us have rest.' Let us have the rest that will come from leaving the protective system undisturbed, from a sound currency, a strong foreign policy, an honest ballot, and wise and pure administration."

WELL, the great trouble is now precisely what it always has been, namely, that men in Congress approach the consideration of questions concerning the business interests of the country in the spirit of partisanship. What should partisanship have to do with the arranging of a sound monetary system? Is not such a system equally for the benefit of both parties, since it is for the benefit of the whole country? Is it not equally the duty of both parties to seek light on the doubtful points of tariff legislation, and strive to enact into law what would really be for the best interests of the whole country? In other countries, when such questions are under consideration, light is sought from the sources best calculated to supply it, and no partisan advantages are thought of. Why cannot politics be left out of these discussions altogether? Tariff and currency mean business and prosperity, rightly viewed. There is too much fine rhetoric, too much buncombe, too much demagoguery permitted in the consideration of such serious questions. "Let us have rest," as Mr. Lodge says; but before it can come the Lodges themselves must agree to drop politics when business subjects demand business legislation. There are political humbugs in the G. O. P. as well as in the Democracy.

MR. FREDERICK A. BEELEN, Consul-General of Chili, calls my attention to a rather remarkable instance of historical recurrence. In October last Prince Galitzin, a descendant of the Lithuanian kings, and closely allied to the Russian royal family, came to this country on the part of the Imperial Historical Society of St. Petersburg. He had made the tour of the world. He had explored and studied India, Thibet, China and Japan, and on arriving in New York from San Francisco was warmly welcomed by scientific and social circles. While in Washington he attended, by chance, a meeting of the Salvation Army. He was impressed with their ways, and returned again and again, both in Washington and afterward in this city, to study the workings and objects of the society. His visits culminated in his conversion to the Booth propaganda, and he assured the younger apostle of that name of his intention of visiting his father, General Booth, in London, and declaring his determination of opening the salvation crusade in Siberia. He expressed his delight at having at last found a way of utilizing himself and his income, and had no doubt of obtaining the approval and even assistance of the Czar. Paul's conversion, on his way from Damascus, could hardly have more surprised his Roman cohort associates than will the noble Muscovite's his imperial fellow-guardsmen.

WELL, just a century ago a grand-uncle of this very nobleman, Prince Demetrius Galitzin, came to this country. He also was of the Imperial Guard, and was sent by Catherine II. to study our institutions. Arriving in Baltimore, he sought an interview with Bishop Carroll, to whom he expressed his desire to enter the priesthood. While awaiting the permission of his family, he traveled extensively in the United States, and notwithstanding the opposition and even threats of his parents, commenced his studies and was ordained. His talents and his fortune, both of which were great, were given to the Church. At his own request he was sent to Cambria County, Pennsylvania, then a comparative wilderness. There, on the highest summit of the Alleghenies, he founded what is now the town of Lorelo. He repeatedly refused the miter, preferring his labor of love in Cambria. The town of Galitzin, a monument and the tradition of his labor perpetuate his memory. Here are instances of two princes of the same family who, with a century of interval, came to this country, little dreaming of the singular and similar destiny that awaited them. It is not always true that "*colum non animus vultant qui trans mare currunt*."

"WOODMAN, spare that tree! touch not a single bough!" Was written of an oak, but—it's a chestnut now.

QUEEN VICTORIA, R.I., has issued her commands for the principal members of the Royal Family to be present at Windsor Castle on the thirty-second anniversary of the death-day of her ever-lamented consort, Albert the Good, and her beloved daughter, Princess Alice, who also departed this life on the 14th December, fourteen years after her father.

MISS MARIE CORELLI'S new novel entitled, "Barabbas," has evoked a great deal of discussion in the press. The book has been received with enthusiasm in India, and is being translated into Hindustani, under the supervision of a Maharajah. English critics think Miss Corelli has shown a lack of taste and discretion in building up a work of fiction on a foundation so solemn and almost sacred. Barabbas is the condemned robber and murderer of the gospel. He is made to entertain a passion for Judith Iscariot, sister of the betrayer of Christ—a beautiful woman, who, however, was no better than she should be, having long been secretly mistress of Caiaphas, the High Priest. The robber discovers her worthlessness, and eventually both become converted to the doctrine of Christ. The condemnation, death and resurrection of our Lord are described at length. Readers who found fault with Lew Wallace for trenching on holy ground, in "Ben-Hur," will have double cause of quarrel with Marie Corelli. Nevertheless, all agree in pronouncing the book well-written and worthy of the clever authoress's well-established reputation as a successful novelist.

THE operatic impresario manager and part author of "The Prodigal Daughter," to-wit, Sir Augustus Harris, en route to hear Leoncavallo's new opera—"I Medici"—in Milan, found, on reaching Charing Cross Station, that he had a couple of hours to spare; so, in order not to waste time, he walked into a hospitable hostelry in the Strand to refresh his inner man. Then, mixing two familiar liquors together, he became rather mixed himself, and in the very early hours of the morning was discovered by a sympathizing friend propped up against a lamp-post. The friend took pity on him, helped him to a well-known hostelry, where everything is Italian, and where he was put to bed. In the morning he awoke in a room full of Italian furniture, took his "café au lait" from a black-eyed Italian "soubrette," went afterward to the coffee-room, where he had "ravioli," and "spaghetti" served by an Italian majordomo. "Well," he thought to himself, "I'm in Milan, sure enough; but how the dickens I got here, what sort of a passage we had, or anything about the journey, I'm dashed if I can remember." Then he lit a cigar, went out, and found himself in Leicester Square.

THAT is a good movement started in Buffalo by the Rev. George Zurcher, Horace G. Knapp, Ralph W. Kasson, H. C. Bartholomew, Mrs. A. H. Henry, Dr. Sarah H. Morris and others, to remove political caucuses from the drinking-saloons. At a convention of delegates from various temperance organizations a petition was adopted asking the Legislature to pass a bill requiring political caucuses to be held at the same distance from saloons, and subject to the same restrictions, as already established for election booths.

IT seems that in Iceland women are away ahead of their European sisters as regards equal rights. They enjoy the privilege of voting for, and being elected, parish vestrymen, and are even qualified to represent the parishes in which they live in the councils of the nation. Perhaps it is only fair to add that the reason of this emancipation is the scarcity of men.

AN Oxford professor, in conversation with an English divine the other day, admitted that he was simply astonished at the superior ability shown by the female students, when he considered the state of ignorance in which women, as a class, had for generations been kept.

THERE is some talk in England about the advisability of the theatrical profession being represented in Parliament. It appears Mr. Irving has been several times invited to "stand" for a constituency, but the distinguished actor could not see his way to acceptance of the intended honor. It is by no means a bad idea, however, to have an actor in the House. I should think the other members would gladly hail the innovation. A good player might not make a good politician; but he could surely be relied on to make an occasional witty speech, to slide in an apt quotation, or to successfully "take off" and turn the laugh on some of the big-wigs on the other side. But, after all, there must be many actors in the House, though they are not professionals.

LONDON Truth rather exaggerates when it states that the town of Jacksonville, Fla., "was given up for several days to the wild orgies of the roughs of the entire United States," during the excitement over the Mitchell-Corbett fight. Nothing of the kind happened. Everything was quite orderly. "Public opinion," says Truth, "is against these brutal exhibitions. But this has not long been so." The editor then makes this confession:

"I was in the House of Commons when the great fight between Sayers and Heenan took place. It was on a Wednesday. I thought of what was transpiring in the House. Every one was talking of the fight, and hanging round the telegrams from the scene of action. When we heard that Sayers had not won we were greatly depressed, and we only recovered our good spirits when we learned that he had fought for some time with one arm disabled."

Is the House of Lords really doomed? Are we to see it abolished at last, or was the brave talk of Sir William Harcourt and others at the National Liberal Federation in London only for political effect? I fear there is

much of what we over here call "Buncombe." But still, you know, the Liberal Government has been tried solely by the perverse opposition of the Lords to very popular legislation, such as the one-man one-vote system, a reform of the registration laws, the payment of members of the House of Commons, the holding of all Parliamentary elections on the same day, and direct popular control of liquor licenses. It appears like courting destruction for the peers to array themselves in opposition to such needed reforms, and the end of the century may yet number among its startling achievements the abolition of the famous House of Lords of Great Britain. It is rather significant to find a great newspaper like the *Daily News* stating that "Sir William Harcourt's assurance that the Government will not endure the dictation of the House of Lords fully satisfied his audience. It will also satisfy the Liberals throughout the country. It is the peers' own fault. They have made themselves impossible."

The Canadian Parliament will meet for the dispatch of business on the 15th prox. The interval between the prorogation of the last session of Parliament and the opening of the new one is the longest on record, save one. It is provided by the Constitution that this interval must not exceed a year. In 1873 Parliament met within two days of the prescribed limit. This year all but two weeks of the allotted time will have expired on March 15.

A LONG and lively session is predicted. The tariff will be the burning question. The Liberals are armed to the teeth for a good fight. They assume that this will be the last session of the present Parliament, and consequently intend to fire off their heaviest guns. They also darkly hint at certain startling developments which will be made in the course of the session, by which persons now filling high official positions will be proven guilty of grave charges and consequently deprived of office.

THIS announcement, coupled with Mr. Stead's recent assurance of Lord Aberdeen's intention to investigate charges of corruption and to visit just punishment on convicted persons, regardless of their previous standing and influence, sounds ominous enough for those—if such, indeed, there be—whom the cap fits. At all events, public curiosity being much excited and political feeling running high just now, there is little doubt that the session about to open will be one of the most memorable in the history of Canada.

As indicating the superior work of ONCE A WEEK the following letter of Dr. Parkhurst to the art editor will prove interesting to all readers:

NO. 133 EAST THIRTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK,
February 14, 1894.

MY DEAR SIR—You have put me under great obligations by your kind gift of a number of India-paper portraits. Permit me to say that you have been exceedingly successful. There has been so much inferior work in the way of portraits of myself that it helps me to appreciate a good thing.

Yours very sincerely,
C. H. PARKHURST.

FRED. MORGAN, Esq.,
Art Department of ONCE A WEEK,
No. 521 West Thirtieth Street.

THE New York *Herald* is agitating for a reform of the libel law in the Empire State, and is receiving the unanimous support of the State press. The present law allows every adventurer and scallawag to annoy and make heavy costs for reputable newspapers that finally stand ready to substantiate their charges; then the scallawag litigant disappears. On the ground that no reputable newspaper will knowingly libel a private citizen, and that a disreputable sheet will be afraid to do so, it would seem no more than just and fair that all persons bringing libel suits should be, at least, responsible and of previous good standing in the community—either that, or let them be compelled to give security to carry out the suit when once begun.

THE way to transgression against the ballot-box is hard this year in New York. Two election inspectors, Humphy and Neville, have been sentenced to State Prison at hard labor for neglect of duty and conniving at fraud. John Y. McKane of Gravesend, L. I., has been found guilty of conspiracy against the suffrage at that place last fall. The penalty for McKane's offense is two to ten years in the penitentiary. Not long ago New Jersey caught a number of ballot-box stuffers and sent them over the road for short terms, and everybody felt very sorry at their doom, because some of them were honest enough outside of politics—and ballot-box stuffing. The offenders in the New York cases have the same kind of sympathy extended to them now. And even to the average good citizen it will look a little odd to see political leaders and bosses wearing stripes—so little accustomed have we become to seeing anybody punished for sharp practice on the ballot-box. But we must become accustomed to that very thing. There is nothing that will be better just now for what ails these crowded voting precincts.

THE Administration suffered its second personal defeat in the Senate, February 16, by the rejection of Wheeler H. Peckham, the President's second nominee for the vacant place in the Supreme Court. Senator Hill of New York led the opposition; but Mr. Peckham's recent declaration that protection is unconstitutional had the effect, besides, of alienating the Republican support that would otherwise have gone to him. It seems, also, that the Senate regarded the second nomination as a challenge from the President to repeat the disapproval expressed on the occasion of the Horn-

blower nomination, on the Hawaiian affair, the silver question and other subjects of contention. This latest disapproval, and the avowed purpose of Senator Hill and other leading Democrats to vote to re-commit the Wilson Bill—if such a motion is made—would seem to foreshadow another long contest between the President and the Senate.

AN important railroad case has been docketed in the Supreme Court of the United States, to test the question whether or not the Trans-Mission Freight Association is an organization in violation of the Anti-Trust Law of 1890. J. W. Ady, United States Attorney for the District of Kansas, filed a complaint against the Association, January 6, 1892, and on November 28 following District Court Judge John A. Rives dismissed the bill. The United States took the case to the Court of Appeals, where the judgment of the District was affirmed, October 2, 1893, Judges Sanborn and Thayer affirming, Judge Shiras dissenting. The United States now asks the highest court to decide. The original complaint was filed by instruction of Attorney-General Miller. It will be interesting to know whether Attorney-General Olney, who is suspected of pro-Trust leanings, will prosecute the case with that vigor and thoroughness that its importance demands.

SECRETARY CARLISLE favors withdrawing the Government appropriation for lighting the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty, and New York vigorously protests. Mr. McDowell of Newark, N. J., who was chairman of the original committee that first popularized and nationalized the undertaking, writes to the Treasury Department that the members left of the committee now have in the treasury sixty thousand dollars from voluntary contributions and from the earnings of a boat that was put on between New York City and Liberty Island, besides being, by courtesy of the Government, in full control of the latter. Mr. McDowell thinks it is time to turn the statue and island over to other control. If this should be done, he thinks the income of the boats running to the island, and from visitors, would not only support the light, but make of the island itself one of the most attractive parks and breathing-spots in the world.

PARIS was convulsed again last week by a bomb-thrower who chose the crowded Café Terminus as the scene of his operations. The prisoner admits that he made the bomb found in a Paris bank several years ago. He says that he recently put together two bombs, but that he does not know where they are. It has been learned that Henry recently lodged with Anarchist friends at Belleville, a suburb of Paris. As soon as the friends learned of his arrest they burned all his papers, to prevent them falling into the hands of the police. Owing to the fact that threatening letters have been received by the Rothschilds, their offices in Paris have been specially guarded. February 16 the London police captured eighty Anarchists at the Autonomie Club, Tottenham Road. The majority of them were Germans and Bohemians. All of them were carefully examined, and few of them could show passports.

THE Webster Banjo Club of Jersey City gave a reception at the residence of Messrs. De Vries Brothers, Sunday, February 11, when selections were given by Robert Beck, song and banjo comedian; also by H. Ponica, Euno De Vries and John De Vries, on the banjo, and by Peter Fries, on the mandolin. Another entertainment, equally attractive, was given at the residence of R. Beck, 1484 New York Avenue, Jersey City, on the evening of the 18th. These gentlemen and their friends are spending a most delightful winter in these refining and thoroughly enjoyable musical, literary and all-round elegant pursuits. These informal gatherings are well calculated to make social intercourse very pleasant, and the example of our Jersey City fun-loving friends should be widely imitated in every community, city, suburban and rural.

A PASSENGER train on the Southern Pacific Railroad was wrecked and robbed February 16, thirteen miles from Los Angeles. Arthur Master, the fireman, was shot and killed, as was also a tramp who was stealing a ride. Engineer Daniel Thomas was injured, probably fatally. The total amount of cash taken from the Wells Fargo express car is reported at about one thousand dollars. None of the passengers were injured. It was the coolest, most daring robbery committed for many years and is believed to be the work of Evans and Morell, the outlaws whom California has been pursuing for several months. The car was blown open with dynamite, and trainmen, escaping, were fired at. To make sure of the train, a short spur switch was opened. The engineer, seeing this, reversed his engine, but the locomotive and two cars were ditched.

YELLOW FEVER has appeared at Rio Janeiro. Forty cases a day were reported last week. One case occurred on board the cruiser *Newark*, and the patient was taken to the shore hospital. The captain of the Austrian warship died of the fever, February 14, and there are other cases on board the same ship. The Portuguese warship was also infected. The United States squadron communicates with the shore by means of a hired tug. The fever is on board the English warship *Racer*. Merchant shipping is suffering from the epidemic. Admiral Benham has officially notified the Secretary of the Navy that he has taken extra precautions to protect his men.

SPEAKER PEEL of the House of Commons ruled that the House of Lords have exceeded their rights in making certain changes in the Parish Councils Bill, and instructed the House to ignore the amendments altogether. The Lower House had decided to pay the expenses of the parish councils out of the poor rates, and their Lordships took upon themselves to alter the decision. It was argued by Henry Fowler, President of the Local Government Board, that the House of Lords had been excluded from initiating or amending revenue bills.

A. M. PULLMANN was manager of Valle de Las Palmas ranch, between Lower California and the United States. He harbored a young American named Whitman, who confessed to him that he had robbed the Wells-Fargo Express Company of four thousand dollars. He persuaded Whitman to return to the United States and give himself up. For doing this he was arrested by the Mexican police, on the charge of kidnapping Whitman from American soil. The State Department intervened, and Pullmann has been released on bail.

WE have evidence in California that Redwood trees cut down sixty years ago have made sprouts which are new trees from three to five feet in diameter, and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high. It is the rapid growth of some of these trees which leads people to doubt their great age; but there seems to be no reason for doubting that the method of calculating by annual rings of wood is sound, and that the great age imputed to some of these trees has solid ground-work to build on.

IT has been found that the Street Cleaning Department here hires laborers through Italian padrones in Mulberry Street. The city allows one dollar and a half a day for the men, the padrone pays them every day if they ask it, and draws the money from the treasury to reimburse himself. The city allows the contractors twenty-five cents a day for each man; but it is alleged the padrones make a good deal more than that, as they can get all the men they want for one dollar a day and less.

THE French courts have decided that Prince Colonna is entitled to the custody of his children; but Princess Colonna, who is now in New York, is not likely to give them up very soon. The Mackey family are unanimous in their determination to resist. The court also imposed a heavy fine on the Princess for taking the children away from France. A nice question of international dealings may grow out of the incident.

THE new "Modern Church" had its first service Sunday, Feb. 11, in the Bricklayers' Hall of Chicago. It will have no creed, altar, incense or liturgy, but will confine itself to teaching the principles of immutable morality. Until it can erect a building of its own it will hold services every other Sunday, which will be conducted by clergymen who are willing to officiate. The Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones preached.

THE King of Belgium has just finished a new palace at Laeken. The old one was burned down three years ago. The present structure is on the same lines as the former one; but is built entirely of stone, iron and glass. That is the kind of palaces we build here in New York, and as King Leopold is a very decent sort of monarch, we are glad to see him getting the best thing in palaces.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON, addressing the young men of the Macdonald Club, at Ottawa, accused the United States of maintaining paid agents in Canada for sowing dissensions, so that the present Conservative Government may be overthrown, the Canadian tariff abolished and the American manufacturers get the benefit of the Canadian market.

THE Merritt Wrecking Company of New York has made a proposition to the Navy Department to save the wreck of the *Keersarge* on Roncador Reef. She has not the guns now that sunk the *Alabama*, but a few thousand dollars to rescue her and save her from the wreckers of the Caribbean Sea would be money well spent.

W. P. BIDWELL, editor of the A. P. A. newspaper, *The American Eagle*, at Fort Wayne, Ind., was recently mulcted in the sum of five hundred dollars for libel on Bishop Rademacher. The Grand Jury at Fort Wayne indicted him for criminal libel February 14, the victim being Father Borg of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum.

THE entertainment for charity at the Metropolitan Opera House, February 16, netted over twenty thousand dollars. Nearly all of the orchestra seats were bought by speculators. The regular price was ten dollars, but those who occupied them paid prices ranging from eleven dollars to forty dollars.

THE President's nomination of Jo Shelby to be United States Marshal for the Western District of Missouri is hotly denounced by the New York *Tribune*, on the ground that Shelby was guilty of barbarity in guerrilla warfare during the Rebellion.

A DISPATCH received at Cape Town confirms the report that Lobengula, King of the Matabeles, has died in the bush, presumably from the effects of gout and the exposure to which he was subjected while fleeing from the British pursuers.

GENERAL JUBAL EARLY is in his seventy-eighth year. A dispatch from Lynchburg, Va., reported that he was in a serious condition, February 16, the result of a fall on the ice. He was suffering great pain, and was, at times, unconscious.

EDWARD B. GOSS, keeper, was severely bitten and clawed by Chico and Johanna, the chimpanzees at Central Park, last week, and for a time it was feared his injuries would prove fatal. But he was reported better at last accounts.

By a boiler explosion on board the German cruiser *Brandenburg*, at Kiel, in North Prussia, forty-one men were killed. She had had new boilers put in, and was on her trial trip to test them when the explosion occurred.

NOVEMBER 2, 1893, the British ship *City of Hankow* sailed from San Francisco, and arrived at Queenstown February 16, winning the long race from three competitors, making the trip in one hundred and six days.

A BILL has been introduced in Congress fixing the death penalty, under the Federal statutes, for murder, manslaughter, rape, desertion and mutiny, and abolishing the death penalty for all other offenses.

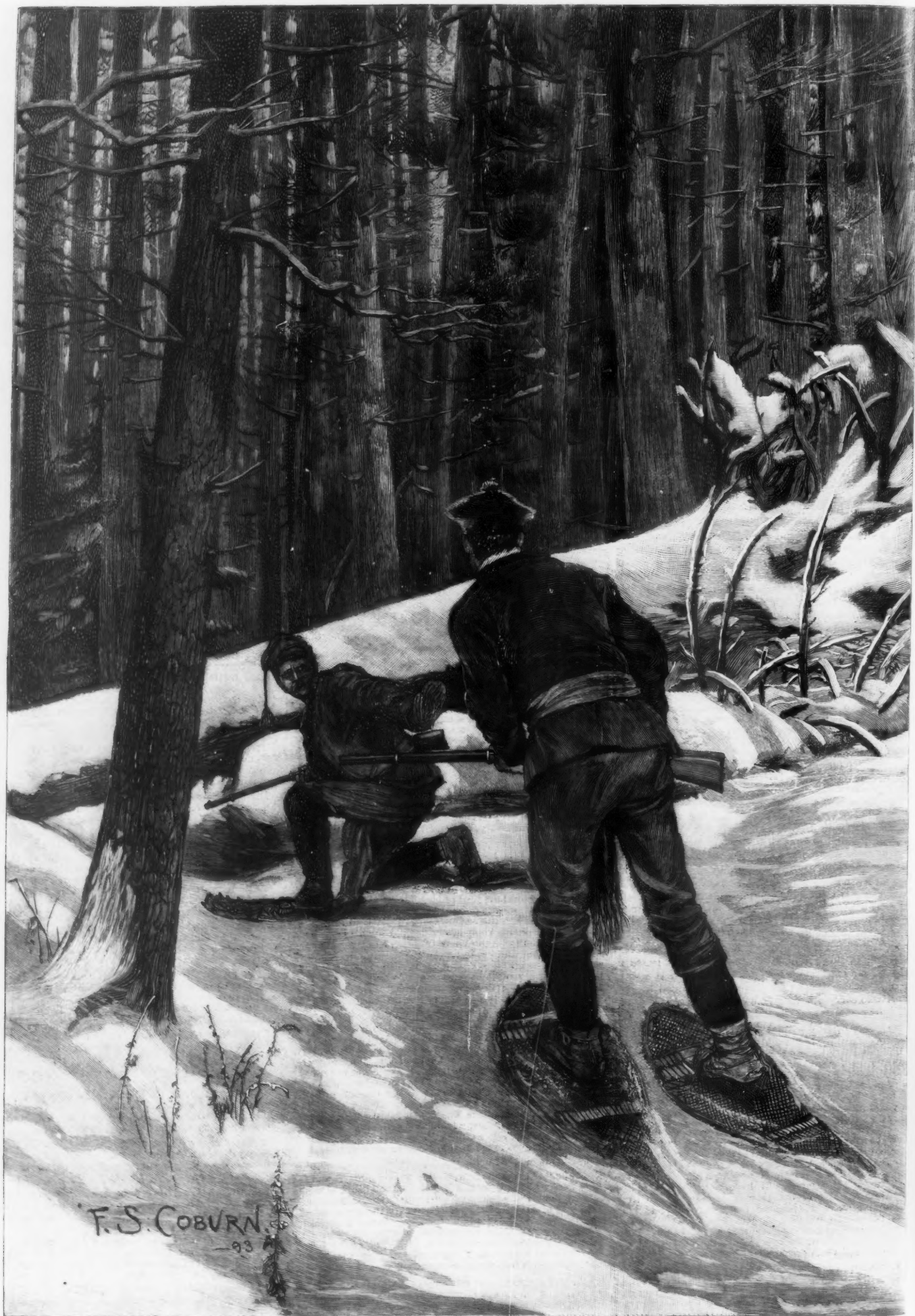
THE Rockefellers have gained control of the Mesaba iron range in the Lake Superior region and of the American Steel Barge Company of New York. A gigantic iron and steel industry will be the outgrowth.

THE American liner *Faris* became disabled, as to her rudder, eight hundred miles out from Southampton, and was towed back to Queenstown, reaching that convenient port February 16.

PRESIDENT DOLE of Hawaii has given to the public an interview, in which he outlines a safe and sensible scheme of republican government for the islands.

CARLO THIENAN was so horribly mangled by lions at the Midwinter Fair, San Francisco, February 13, that he died in great agony the next day.

THAT is a queer picture of Mr. E. S. Drone in a snow-storm, published on page 13, column 4, of the *Herald* of February 15.



IN THE FORESTS NEAR LAKE MEGANTIC.—ON THE TRAIL OF THE CARIBOU.

(See page 11.)



A FANCY DRESS BALL AT WASHINGTON.



SCENE NEAR BLUE FIELDS, JAMAICA, DESCRIBED IN JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S LETTER.
(See page 6.)



THOUGH the Island of Jamaica is not very much larger than our own Long Island, there is less travel in it than in either Long Island or any other equal area in the United States. The inhabitants are much given to staying at home—that is, to confining their journeys to a radius of an afternoon's drive, or so. This habit is in part due to the fact that the railway is a thing of comparatively recent introduction and limited range, and to the conviction on the part of every intelligent Jamaican that his own particular district is the best in the whole colony. Nor are reasons lacking, in any given case, in support of such a view.

We, being new to the country, were impartial, and curious to make comparisons for ourselves; which, in a region of such exceptional and invariable beauty, could hardly become odious. So we set out one morning soon after six o'clock to drive from our Pen to the railway station.

The sun, just peeping over the shoulder of the eastern hill, glistened on the back of a gray mongoose, scuttling across the road. Smoke had begun to drift out of the kitchen-place of the little hamlet of palm-thatched and banana-overshadowed negro huts down by the gate of the estate. The dew was still heavy on the thick green guinea-grass, and even kept the light limestone dust from rising. The giant fronds of the cocoa-palms stood and hung motionless in the motionless atmosphere. The mountain ranges to right and left were etherealized in the morning haze. There was a delicious scent in the air, warm and languorous, such as one can smell nowhere save in the tropics. It was the dead of winter, and the thermometer at that hour, in the shade, could not have marked over seventy degrees.

Our athletic pony trundled the village-cart over the six or seven miles to the station in about forty minutes. The station of the Jamaica Railroad is not a handsome structure; no buildings in the island are handsome, except the negro cabins, which are not handsome, either, but picturesque and delightful. Walls of rusty brick supported a plain board roof. I remember "depots" somewhat resembling this in New England forty years ago. A young darkey sauntered up to me with copies of the morning papers (of which there is a large selection in Kingston, mainly devoted to advertisements and Letters to the Editor). When I declined the darkey's offer, he sauntered away again unconcerned. I wonder how long a New York newsboy would survive in Jamaica!

The platform was moderately full of people—twenty or thirty negroes and three or four whites. A serious and shy white youth sold me tickets, and informed me that I could not get returns. And he charged me ten shillings and sixpence to go to the terminus of the road at this date—some seventy-five miles. I might have got second or third-class tickets cheaper; but I did not wish to take up room needed for the accommodation of my darker fellow-creatures, who occupied these departments in force—mothers, fathers and pickaninnies.

The railroad is being constructed by an American syndicate. The cars are made in Wilmington, Del., and are like those on our elevated roads—wooden seats in the lower class cars, and seats upholstered with leather or hair-cloth in the first. The latter is also (I suppose in deference to English prejudices) divided into sections, or compartments, by the erection of wooden partitions; one part will be called "First-class," the other "Drawing-room." But you make your entrance and exit through the end of the car, and not through the sides; and, in general, the surroundings are more homelike for the American than for the Britisher. The conductor, or guard—he answers to either name—is a sad-looking person, of, I should say, North-of-England extraction. He is undemonstratively courteous to the white passengers, and masterful, though not harsh, to the others. The brakemen and baggage-hands are black, and not unconscious of the dignity of their uniforms.

The conditions of the building contract are £4,000 per mile, twelve miles to be constructed each year. Now, the road necessarily runs amid mountain ranges—it has nowhere else to go. You may either go round a hill or go through it. If you go through it, you shorten your route and increase your expenses. If you go round it (under this contract) you lighten your expenses and get a larger number of £4,000 checks. The consequence is, that this road has more and sharper curves than anything else in Nature or art. The engine is continually turning round and looking the astonished passenger in the face, and there are not five minutes of tunnel on the entire route. The grade is also of remarkable steepness, and the train ascends them at the rate of from ten to fifteen miles an hour. All this is agreeable to me, and ought to be both agreeable and profitable to the contractors; but how about the parties of the second part?

Finally all the rabble of all colors and costumes is on board. They do not say, "Get aboard!" here, but "Take—er—yer seats!" The colloquy between the tall darkey in white riding-breeches and black leather gaiters, and the thin female, who has responded to his elegant volubility with dejected monosyllables, is broken up; the woman in the bandanna, standing on tip-toe outside the third-class car, with her arms and head inside the window, says a final adieu to her man and their baby, and disengages herself; the young octoroon girl in a natty costume, with rice powder on her cheeks and a roving eye, brings her promenade up and down the platform to an end; the newsboy tucks his unsold papers under his arm, and throws a pensive glance along the train; the passenger who arrived late wipes the sweat from his brow and pulls up the sleeves of his coat; the guard steps slowly on the platform of the car, with a wave of the hand to the engineer, and we too, our whistle and are under way.

We are off to explore a tropic island! We are following in the steps of Robinson Crusoe, The Swiss Family Robinson, the Treasure Island boy, and all the rest of them. Other people may have been before us, but they were not we. "The world," says John Boyle

O'Reilly, "was made when a man is born;" and a man explores a place when he has never been over it before. Everything is new, and nothing is not interesting.

The road runs for the first fifteen miles or so through low, level land, close to the sea-shore. It is bordered by bananas and palms; it passes through plantations of log-wood and ebony—the two kinds of trees look somewhat alike, with the exception of their bark, being for the most part not larger than an ordinary peach-tree, with small foliage resembling that of a hawthorn—and glides through swampy land, where trees stand with water over their feet. It skirts broad fields of bright green sugar-cane, which you might mistake for Indian corn, with thin gray plumes rising a foot or two above the level of leaves. Knots of coolies cultivate them—the men in turbans, the women in short skirts, which they tuck between their knees, making them appear like knickerbockers. And at last we run into Spanish Town Station. Here there is such an abundance of vegetation that nothing is visible of the public buildings, which, by reason of the transference of the seat of government from Spanish Town to Kingston, have been for some years deserted and useless. But near the town is an ancient aqueduct, its straight line of arches crossing the lowlands from sea to mountain, the solid brickwork incrustured with lichens and overgrown with grass and parasites. It is a massive piece of work, such as has not been made here since the slavery days.

Now we are on the threshold of the mountainous region. It begins with a thickly wooded, uncultivated valley, the track cutting through white limestone rock, and pushing its way through the branches of the unterfied forest, which ever strives to swallow it up again and digest it into primeval wilderness. It spans deep, narrow gullies, in the beds of which, in the rainy season, torrents foam and roar, but which are dry now. You look down through tangled intricacies of foliage and see, perhaps, a group of short-skirted women washing clothes in a surviving pool, with chatter and laughter, and a slim black boy washing himself in the same tub. Now and then, as the road turns, a hill-top, high aloft, sweeps into view, and on its summit stands a Pen, with pyramidal roof and spreading verandas, and palms standing sentinel around it. This is the only country I have visited, except the Rhine, where people build their dwellings in the sites which Imagination and Poetry would have chosen. How the inhabitants get up to them, I know not; but the effect from below, not to mention the prospect from above, should repay them for any exertion. They have no winds and storms to avoid here—except the hurricanes, which are no less fatal in the valleys than on the mountain-tops. They enjoy the temperature of everlasting spring; and, when the flying-machines are ready, they will have their full reward. Whenever I have noticed a mountain as being particularly steep and inaccessible, and have begun to say, "Nobody could possibly get up there," that moment I have seen a roof or a white wall glimmering on the very dizzy peak. The negro cabins, especially, hang on the plunging green declivities like the nests of birds, singly or in groups. Their little plantations of banana, plantain and palm rise above or drop below them perpendicularly. They seem as unattainable as the caves of the cliff-dwellers in Southern California. It is impossible to exaggerate their value in the landscape.

At each village station that we pass the population gathers to stare at the train, just as they do in our own backwoods districts. But how different a crowd from ours! It is refreshment, instead of despair, to see them. They are all children, from the gray-headed old Uncle Toms to the smallest naked pickaninny. They tie a bandanna round their head; they put a crimson scarf about their loins; their trousers are bright blue, or their petticoats are like parterres of flowers. Their flashing grin is contagious, and their astonished solemnity is not less amusing. Here are a couple of girls who have brought baskets of oranges and gingerbread to sell to passengers. They have put their wares down, and climbed on the tall picket fence to get a better view of the wonders of the train. Trade is forgotten, and when somebody hails them for a cake, they respond reluctantly, as loath to interrupt their fun. Five mandarin oranges for a quattie—a quarter of sixpence; a hunk of gingerbread, eight inches square, for I know not what fraction of currency. They are charging you double-price, but you like to be cheated. The softness of their voices is alone enough to square the account. One or two local police, in dark jackets, trimmed with red, stand about, vainly endeavoring to live up to the Queen's uniform. And here is the English parson, the only sad and discouraged-looking human being in the throng.

One enchanting valley—one inspiring mountain after another! Some of these great hollows are evidently extinct craters of volcanoes, now transformed from death and desolation into the life and loveliness of Eden. Then there are long, winding ravines, passing through which your conviction that nothing can surpass or equal the beauty of the scene at each moment is belied by the next moment's revelation. There is no sameness. How it happens I cannot say; but this spectacle of height and hollow, rocky steep and swelling knoll, flaunting frond and waving plume, riot of foliage and tangle of boughs, sparkling stream and arid gorge, low, thatched hut and rambling Pen, splendor of blossom and wealth of fruit—all this is composed in pictures of infinite variety, and never palls. And the final, perfecting touch is never lacking. Sky, cloud, earth and man are in a conspiracy to outdo criticism.

As we continue our slow and tortuous ascent, the soil and its products seem to become richer and stronger. The turf of the pastures is firmer and denser; the cattle are finer, and so are the men and women. The Spanish Bayonet and the palmetto crowd in amid the other foliage. The air is cooler and more exhilarating. Here and there a square stone church, with or without a low steeple, squats amid its little hamlet. There rides a woman on horseback. She wears an ordinary calico skirt and an old straw hat. A long-stemmed clay pipe is between her teeth, and she sits on her sidesaddle with all the pride of a Hyde-Park equestrienne. Thus do the silliest perversities of fashion penetrate the primitive wilderness! But, on the other hand, I have often seen women riding astride in the roads about Kingston.

But here we are at Appleton, beyond which the train does not go. We get out, and there is our fore-ordained carriage and pair awaiting us. "Are you the team from

Manton's?" I ask the brown driver. "O! yes, sah," he replies, touching his round-crowned derby. In go the valises, and we roll away over a road which, like all the Jamaica roads, is equal to the best in Europe, and so much better than any in America that the comparison has no value. As for the horses—a matched pair, fourteen and a half hands, lean and unpretending, but with good heads—these horses enlarge one's view of the capacities of the animal. One is eleven years old, the other fourteen. Burton, our driver, has driven them as hack-horses for seven years past. The first day we went uphill and down at a round trot (a Jamaican horse would rather trot up a hill than down it) for thirty miles, during the hottest part of the day. The second day we went forty-two miles, over still more arduous country. The last ten miles zigzagged up a preposterous mountain three thousand feet high, and then up and down sharp-pitched little hills to the finish. And we trotted steadily all the way up the mountain, and whirled into Mandeville, at sunset, as if we were just starting forth after a week's rest and bushels of oats. The horses had not had so much as a mouthful of hay since breakfast, and but two drinks of water; and they looked in even better condition when we arrived than when we set out. The carriage was a heavy, clumsy affair, and carried three heavy passengers. These animals are of the old island stock. There must be an Arabian strain in them, or else that famous breed has a rival.

I do not like driving. The longer I sit in a carriage the longer, apparently, do my legs grow; and growing-pains are an imposition in a man of my age. But I scarcely remembered the pains on this occasion; the scenery was anesthetic. The country is, of course, of the same quality as that through which you go on the railroad; but the point of view is so different that it seems quite another thing. We are always meeting people; sometimes in groups or caravans, sometimes singly; on foot, on mule or donkey or horseback, or riding in the heavy two-wheeled wagons, with three mules harnessed abreast—bringing up an absurdly incongruous reminiscence of the Russian troika and wastes of snowy steppe. Men and women, boys and girls, nob, bow, duck or doff caps, and say good-morning or good-evening, as the case may be; but the most courteous are always the old Uncle Toms and Aunt Dinahs, who can remember slave days and the felicity of not being their own masters. The females of whatever age are more amiable and cordial than the males, and readier to break into a smile. After being in contact with these people for a while, you observe that they are not all of the same type; in fact, there is a great diversity. But, broadly speaking, there are the round-faced and round-eyed coast negroes—the common type; and then the pure Nubians, who are of a distinct and greatly superior quality. They might have stepped off the pictures on Egyptian tombs. They have the features of the Sphinx that watches beside the Great Pyramid. Five thousand years have not altered the aspect and expression of this race; and it is partly because of them that I am always haunted by the notion that I am in the land of the Nubians, and that after reaching the top of yonder mountain, or rounding the bend of this valley, I shall see in the distance the long, undulating levels of everlasting sand, and still further, against the sky, like films of shadow, palpitating in the heat, the triangular shapes of those mysterious tombs.

These groups, then, enliven the way, bringing to it that human interest which is the only element of charm that Nature could not supply. Sometimes we pass entire villages which, though but a few yards off, are yet nearly invisible; for they stand withdrawn behind a thick and beautiful screen of plantain leaves and palms, with only a narrow scrap of footpath disappearing into the thicket to hint of human presence. If you peep through the interstices of foliage, you will get a glimpse of a bit of thatch, a corner of a wattled or whitewashed wall, an outline of a brown leg sprawling on the warm ground, or of a thick-lipped face with a banana half-way into it. Here, in the green shadow, with the tropic sun overhead, or visited by stray shafts of mellow moonlight by night, with the scent of plants and rich earth in their broad nostrils, and in their ears the murmur of insects and the twitter of birds, with no anxieties and few memories, and with no want that the outstretching of a hand cannot gratify, these dark-skinned children live, with the nineteenth century buzzing and whirling around them unknown and unheeded. The brief episode of their enslavement to the whites has passed and is forgotten, and they have returned to themselves as they were since history began. And perhaps, when our part in history has been played out and we are gone, these creatures will still sprawl and feed in their green seclusion, and the tradition of our existence will have passed from their good-natured, sluggish, childlike minds.

We forded a clear, slow-moving stream, the water of which was of a delicate sea-green tint, difficult to account for. As the horses stood and drank, we looked out over the boundless swamp to the southward—a vast tangle of twining boughs and coiling roots and dead stumps, clad from base to tip with verdure, and slender stems sixty feet in height, with just a parasol of leaves at the very top—a maze of lawless leaf and bough rising from the shining levels of the liquid mirror. "O! yes, sah," said Burton, "plenty alligator dere," in answer to my question; but they do not appear by daylight.

After this, the road was a constant ascent, save for an intervening dip or horizontal stretch of a few minutes. And as the afternoon drew to its close, we rattled through what I suppose should be called a town—a place which, from its very pretensions toward civilization, looked more primitive than the negro cab-clusters which are on no map and bear no name—and, with a careless speculation as to whether people really could live in so impossible a spot, we rolled through a big pasture, and saw, on a bare hilltop beyond, the Pen we had come to visit.

Little Brother—"I know the gentleman's name that was talking to Cissie under the mistletoe last night." "What is it, Bobbie?" "It's George Dont. I heard her say, 'George Dont,' ever so many times when nobody was there."

For all forms of disordered stomach use Bromo-Seltzer. A palatable, prompt cure.



DID you ever attend a "private meeting" of the Manuscript Club? If you never did, I advise you to beg, borrow or steal a card of admission to the next one—and go.

You may have been to one or more of the "publics" in Chickering Hall, and been bored to death; for if any-



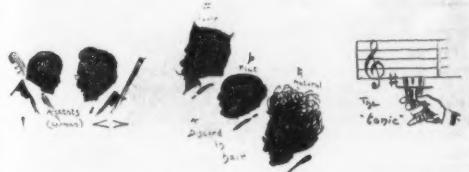
thing can increase the agony of a stiff, formal, regulation public concert, it is to know that the programme is to be made up of untried works.

But, possess yourself of a card of admission to a private meeting, and note the difference. For the real meaning of the club is the rubbing of elbows and the



interchange of musical ideas—an utter impossibility in a large public hall, where your nearest neighbor is a total stranger. How different are these so-called "private views."

In the first place, you may wear what you please—evening clothes, or not. You sit in an easy-chair and hobnob with a friend in another easy-chair. You may listen, or not, to the music. You may criticise it to your heart's content, or preserve the most delightful of



morose silences. You may re-demand one number, and stroll out into the corridor to escape the next. You may, in short, enjoy yourself to your heart's content, and appreciate the music or the punch, as you prefer.

If you are particularly downcast, you may sulk in a corner with a cigar between your teeth and examine the room—and it will well repay your scrutiny. Rich hangings and bits of old carvings meet the eye at every glance. From the walls all of the old worthies and many of the new ones are looking down benignly upon their would-be successors. Mendelssohn smiles placidly from his corner, Wagner turns a cold shoulder, Bach looks (as he always does) bored to death, and Beethoven scowls at everything. But, then, poor fellow! he has been deaf so long he possibly cannot take in all the beauties of the compositions rehearsed.

And then the curios, odds and ends from Europe, Asia, Africa—all countries are represented. Here is a bit of marble, there an exquisite example of Chinese needlework. Under that vase from Egypt is a bit of barbaric color in material that proclaims the looms of Siam. There are Persian rugs upon the floor, bamboo couches in the corners, and French tables upon which to set your half-filled glasses.

And then the people about you!

That tall, well-dressed, youthful-looking man in the

CARPENTERS, builders, laborers, and all mechanics, who are particularly liable to cuts, bruises, wounds, sprains, overstraining, etc., should always have close at hand a bottle of Pond's Extract. Its beneficial result is almost instantaneous. No remedy is equal to it. But great care must be taken that Pond's Extract is obtained and not any cheap imitation.



door is Dr. Gerrit Smith, the president and chief worker of the club, and the pretty little lady at his side is his wife. Over in the further arm-chair sits Mrs. Emma Marcy Raymond. Sumner Salter is peering through his glasses at you from over the piano. Reginald de Koven, looking very bored, and Emilio Pizzi, looking very jolly, are discussing the relative merits of "Robin Hood" and "Gabiella." Walter Dam-

rosch is talking Union politics with Frank von der Stücken. Dudley Buck, Victor Baier, Albert Ross Parsons, Louis Dressler and Henry Holden Huss are wondering why Harry Pepper is compelled to sing the songs he is just finishing, and why Victor Harris does not cut out some of the accompaniment.

Mme. Murio-Celli, Miss Laura Sedgwick Collins, Miss Fanny Spencer and Mrs. H. H. A. Beach all have manuscripts that they know are better than the ones selected for that particular night—except Miss Margaret Ruthven Lang's "Hajarlis," which has just been sung by Grant Odell; and Frederick Schilling goes out and smokes a strong cigar while the Schumann Male Quartette sing his latest sketches—"Cloud" and "Sunshine."

The short programme of six numbers is soon over, and you may stroll up to talk to the executants, or offer the pretty girl next you a glass of punch. And now begins the real business of the evening—criticising this, praising that, meeting old friends and new, making appointments for future meetings, telling all you know to your neighbor, and receiving a like nugget of knowledge from him; in short, finding out all that is going on in the music world—and a little more.

This is what is offered at a "private meeting" of the Manuscript Club.

FREDERIC DEAN.



CERTAIN custom has lately been imported into New York from London, and the Anglomaniacs here have welcomed it with their usual devout allegiance. My first experience of it in all its piercing strangeness and absurdity occurred during a stay in London about three years ago. I had been asked to dine at a restaurant of the selectest sort, and arrived somewhat earlier than any of the other guests. Instead of being re-

ceived downstairs in one of the public rooms, I found my host waiting me at the door of a charming little chamber, where a brilliant board, candle-light and appointed with much elegance, gleamed in readiness for about eight diners. My host was a delightful fellow, a London man-about-town, and one whom it would be the essence of unkindness to suspect of rude behavior. Presently the other guests entered, and I perceived that I did not know one of them even by sight. If they were all acquainted with each other I could not be sure; for the apartment, as I have said, was small, and my embarrassment soon became acute. In a standing attitude I was forced to gaze upon a little coterie of ladies and gentlemen whose names I had never heard and whose faces were painfully new. My host, toward whom I helplessly glanced, gave no sign that he wished to relieve the awkwardness of the situation. Presently our chairs were indicated to us in a suave way by the giver of the entertainment. On either side of me I soon found an attractive lady. Each was disposed to be affable; but conversation was for some time limited by bounds of the most inane commonplace. I don't know how I discovered that one of these ladies was an American like myself; but after this knowledge had blessedly beamed upon me I grew bold and gave the lady my name (there were no "dinner-cards" at our plates), asking hers in return. She told it me, and then I screwed my courage to the sticking-point of saying:

"I have heard that this custom of 'not introducing' has grown rather prevalent here in London. Will you kindly tell me, Mrs. —, if you think it either useful or ornamental?"

"I think it," she replied, with marked vehemence, "wholly trivial and disagreeable. But why," she pursued, "do you speak of it as purely English? They've begun to adopt it in New York. Last winter a friend of mine dined with Mrs. So-and-So" (she here mentioned the name of a fashionable dinner-giver), "and he went through tortures untold. His case was an aggravated one, for he was a foreigner and had not only to give his arm to a total stranger and take her into the dining-room, but afterward he had to sit amid a company not one of whom, save the hostess herself, he had ever gazed upon before."

"Precisely my own case," I said.

Luckily, however, my two immediate neighbors were women of tact and geniality. I should have fared worse, I could not help thinking, if I had sat next to a tall, florid and excessively English-looking girl, whose icy blue eyes occasionally met my own in a blank and rather haughty way. This, they told me, was Lady —, and the table was of such slight dimensions that such valuable tidings had to be stealthily whispered in my ear. On the right of my host sat a handsome and winsome young woman, whom I occasionally heard addressed as "Duchess." A little away from me, on my right, was her husband, the Duke of —. Here, indeed, I thought, is the quintessence of hospitality! However, I managed to enjoy the repast, notwithstanding occasional qualms of annoyance and chagrin.

But these, of which my host was the object, were, in the circumstances, quite unreasonable. He merely followed the prevailing mode, and followed it with no more personal feeling than if it had been a new popular whim in the way of gloves or neckties. As it happened, I afterward met the English duke in question, found him both modest and engaging, with not a spark of arrogance in his composition, and during two visits which he subsequently paid to this country, have entertained him at dinners wherein the "not introducing" system was rigidly avoided—a plan of hostship that he has been good enough to accept as thoroughly civilized and delectable.

It is not amazing that such a habit of treating guests should secure favor in the eyes of sensible folk; for, as we have long ago discovered, all sorts of foolish and inane habits do secure favor with people who should be armed against the adoption of them. But it certainly is amazing that Americans should be found here in our metropolis who uphold and approve the "not introducing" idea. A man of tested culture and intelligence not long ago informed me that he thought it a very rational idea indeed. "It saves," he furthermore declared, "a good deal of subsequent annoyance. You are not required to know afterward the persons whom you meet on these informal terms. You can come face to face with them the next day and not recognize them, if you don't choose to do so—or they can similarly behave toward yourself." I refrained from anything but a vague answer to this curious argument. It occurred to me, however, that the very soul of social intercourse was deadened, not to say travestied, by such a view of it. For my own part, I can only feel that if I accept an invitation from any lady or gentleman, I do so because conscious that he or she is my equal, and that the fellow-guests whom I shall meet must be those worthy of my permanent acquaintanceship. If I feel otherwise, I have the option of refusing the invitation—a privilege of which I should certainly avail myself in any ordinary course of affairs.

May not the truth of this whole silly business be explained briefly and simply? In London society the Prince of Wales is an absolute and unquestioned leader. In his "set" Albert Edward, being thus supreme, is consulted by every host at whose board he condescends to appear, regarding what fellow-guests he desires to have present there. As a natural result, those who meet at these exclusive and semi-royal reunions are already, for the most part, well acquainted, each with each. Introductions are needless at such gatherings, and thence Snobbery takes its ridiculous cue. If it can't entertain royalty, it can, at least, imitate the outward form in which royalty is entertained. For monarchical England that may be all very endurable. But for America, it is peculiarly ludicrous and ill-advised. Who, with a grain of independent thought or feeling, will not indorse my verdict? Who, having a grain of native American humor, will not supplement his acquiescence with it by a hearty and rather scornful laugh?

MADAME MODISTE.

Who assures me, up and down,
That she can make the swiftest gown;
Who will guarantee to me
A fit as perfect as may be?

Madame Modiste!

Who is sure to feel disgraced
If some wrinkles mar my waist;
Who is in a piteous plight
When my skirt don't hang just right?

Madame Modiste!

Who would like to make me wear
Some extremes that I can't bear;
Who expects submission meek
When I'm sure I look a freak?

Madame Modiste!

Who'd be pleased (I'm sure it's so)
To speed me straight to Jericho,
When I say my gown don't fit
And ask her please to alter it?

Madame Modiste!

Who can make me feel quite ill,
When I first peruse her bill;
Who's amazed and thinks it's funny
That I am not made of money?

Madame Modiste!

Who is it I recommend,
After all, to every friend,
When the merits we discuss
Of the ones who sew for us?

Madame Modiste!

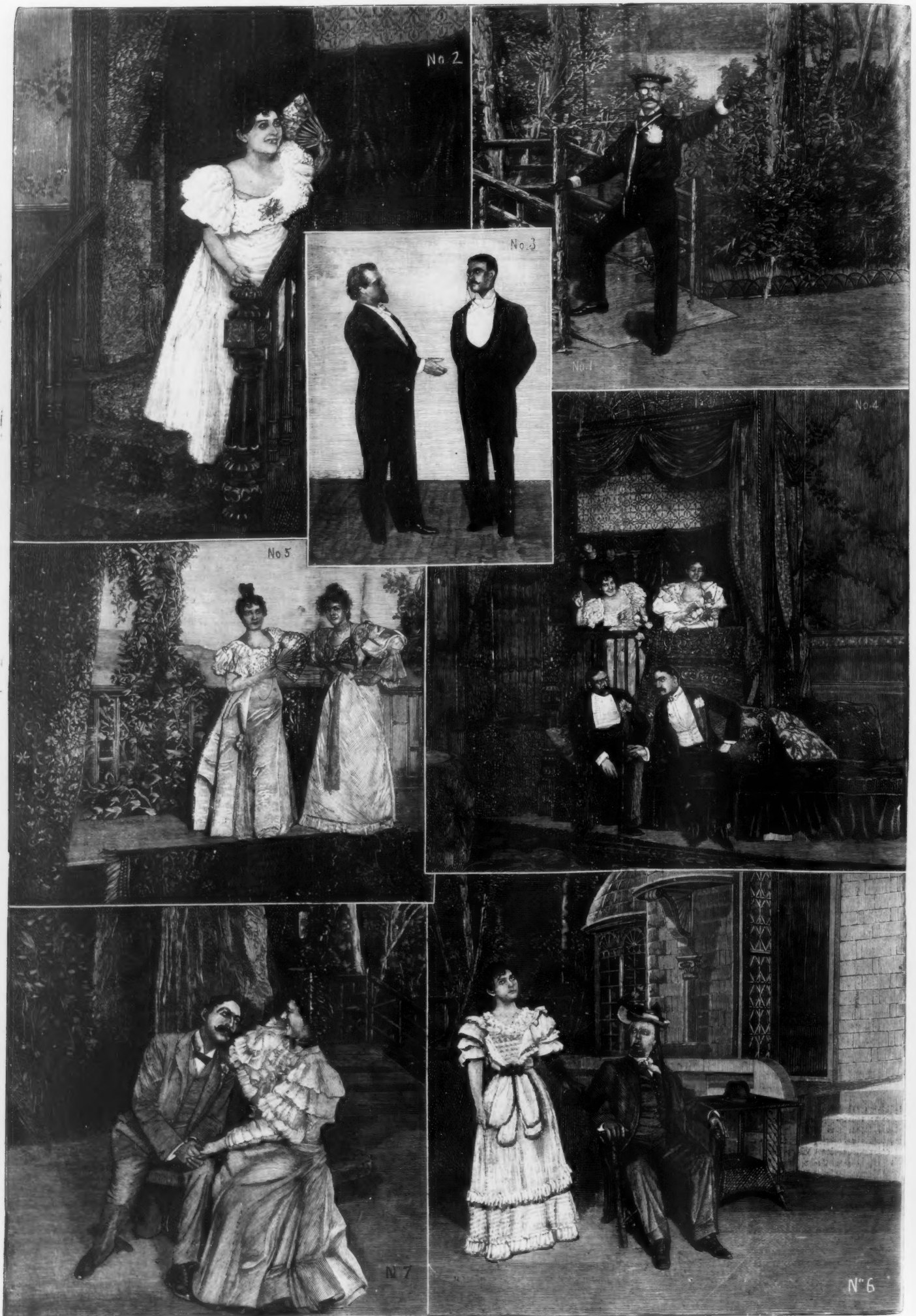
—SCATS M. BEST.

"AS YOU LIKE IT"—ERRATUM.

In our issue of February 10 occurred one of those remarkable errors that sometimes drive editors to despair. In the little article explanatory of the illustration of the performance of "As You Like It," under the auspices of the Women's Professional League, it was stated that Mme. Jananschek played the part of Rosalind. It should have been Jaques, not Rosalind. The cast of the piece published in the same article was quite correct. Miss Mary Shaw played Rosalind, and played it well.

Bartlett—"I hear that your next-door neighbors have a new organ. Do you know how many stops it has?"

Jackson—"Only about three a day, and those are only for meals."



"THE BUTTERFLIES," NOW PLAYING AT PALMER'S THEATRE.

No. 1. "Good-by, I am off to the navy."
No. 2. Olive May as Suzanne.

No. 3. "Accept your father's apology."
No. 4. "Yes, I love her, but she doesn't know it."
No. 5. "Shall we stroll in the moonlight?"
(See page 10.)

No. 6. "You told her I loved her!"
No. 7. "And you have loved me all this time!"



BISMARCK IN BERLIN.
Prince Henry of Prussia and Bismarck passing before the Company of Honor on their way to the Castle.



MME. SARAH BERNHARDT IN HER NEW PLAY, "IZEYL," AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE DE LA RENAISSANCE, PARIS.
THIRD ACT: Izevl defying the Princess Harastri and offering her life to the Prince.—(See page 11.)

JOHN DREW AND THE BUTTERFLIES

BY EDWIN WILLETS

THE sentiment expressed in New York dramatic circles when John Drew was about to make his appearance in Palmer's Theatre as the head of his own company, last October a year ago, was that he was then the most interesting man on the New York stage. One year has passed, and it is necessary to change only one word in that sentiment. It must be said now, with all due regard for John Drew's modesty and innate sense of delicacy, that he is now the most popular man on the New York stage, as well as the leading light comedian of the country. But this was not the result of one year's happenings, as all New York knows.

Everybody is delighted with Mr. Drew's success, and nobody is surprised. The Drew you meet on the street impresses you as favorably as the Drew you see on the stage. As he strolls by the theatre, you would think that he casually visited there; perhaps as a first-nighter. He seems to be a Union Club man. He dresses with taste, wears his hair brushed down hard and parted in the middle, and never appears to have anything on his mind. He can fence and drive, and he never says anything about it. He says nothing about his acting until he is pressed. Then he speaks like the American he is. John Drew is to-day the most illustrious male descendant of a family whose collective professional career has been unusually distinguished and worthy.

Mr. Drew makes no secret of his age. It will be thirty-nine years next November since he was first introduced to daylight at his mother's house in Philadelphia. Twenty years of his life were spent in acquiring an education, and it was in 1873 that he made his public bow with Mrs. John Drew's stock company, then playing at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in one of Charles Matthews's farces, "Cool as a Cucumber." The exact date of this occasion was March 23, and Mr. Drew's part was in an eccentric, light comedy vein. He appeared in a number of similar farces during the next two years, as he now says, "without playing roles that made a particular impression with the audience or myself."

Mr. Daly first saw him act in 1875, in a three-act comedy called, "Women of the Day," and evidently took to the play more kindly than he did to Mr. Drew's performance; for he bought the right to the comedy and presented it at his New York theatre, casting James Lewis in the leading role. Mr. Daly, however, soon afterward made Mr. Drew an offer to become associated with his company, and in February of the same year the young actor found himself in New York essaying *Bog Ruggles*, in "The Big Bonanza." Then he appeared in "Pique," and a number of plays in a light vein. His first essay in Shakespearean character was made in 1876, in support of Edwin Booth, with a specially arranged cast. Mr. Booth at the time renting Mr. Daly's theatre (the Fifth Avenue). "Hamlet" was the tragedy, and Mr. Drew's role was Rosencrantz.

The seasons of 1877 and 1878 were spent in support of Fanny Davenport, who toured the country in "As You Like It," and a number of the Daly plays. The season of 1878-79 was spent with Frederick Warde and Maurice Barrymore, who toured the country in "Diplomacy," as joint stars, Mr. Drew playing Henry Beauchere.

Mr. Daly, in 1880, founded the theatre on Broadway which bears his name, and Mr. Drew again became associated with the Daly company, this time as leading man. He soon established himself as the best leading comedian in the country, and, as such, he has been recognized by the best critics. During the several visits to Europe with the Daly organization Mr. Drew's work attracted the serious attention of all the papers in London and Paris.

I found Mr. Drew in his dressing-room just before the performance of "Butterflies." Cold print does not do justice to the bright, epigrammatic way he has of talking any more than it does to his acting. His exact words are not entirely recalled, and their substantial meaning, unaccompanied by his illustrative gesture and deprecatory motion, might seem to indicate that Mr. Drew was glad now to talk a little about himself; but that is not so. He cannot talk shop. The story is told of Mr. Drew that he rode daily with a gentleman who, for a long time, did not know that his companion was John Drew the player. But he does like to hear his company come in for their share of praise. When the artistic acting of Miss Maud Adams, his leading lady, was praised in particular, Mr. Drew spoke as warmly of her work as did his visitor.

If you at first miss the Daly environment when you see Mr. Drew on the stage, you don't think of it after a while. For Mr. Drew seems to adapt himself so admirably to his surroundings that you simply see him in a new light under new conditions, and forget the old ones. In the casual conversation which followed, he spoke of "The Butterflies," and said that Mr. Frohman had selected it to follow his former success—"The Masked Ball"—on account of its light, breezy nature. "I enjoy the role of Frederick Ossian," said Mr. Drew; "come and see me in it."

"Do I like to play before English audiences? Certainly. Though, of course, I prefer my own people, for I am a thorough American. When Mr. Daly first visited London it was a purely tentative affair; but the people like the Daly players, and kept on coming, as they are still doing. The English people like and dislike equally vigorously. Our people are respectful to a respectful failure, but the English let the actors know exactly what they think of you. In America, we are in a hurry to leave the theatre, and the rustle of gowns is heard before the last curtain falls. That is the time the English are calling for speeches, or intimating they

PLAYING CARDS.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

don't want any. But these, perhaps, are purely national characteristics."

"First act!" cries the call-boy, and now Frederick Ossian faces the footlights. "The Butterflies" was written by Henry Guy Carleton, and contains for John Drew the character of a good-humored, witty, engaging young gentleman of fashion, careless as to some of his habits, but punctilious in all essentials, and the character is in every way suitable for this quiet but effective comedian to portray. It is an American play, by an American writer, and the American hero is played by an American actor, who has the support of a clever company, every member of which is an American. Two acts of "The Butterflies" are located in St. Augustine, Fla., and one in ultra fashionable Lenox. Frederick Ossian is a young gentleman of honest impulses, whose single fault is that he cannot spend his money judiciously. He throws his fortune away, and is in danger of becoming penniless, when he rescues a beautiful girl from drowning, and falls in love with her. The girl, in her turn, falls in love with him. But the mother, Mrs. Stuart-Dodge, will not trust her daughter's happiness to the hands of a spendthrift, so she tries to make an end of his hopes by announcing the girl's engagement to another young man. The dashing hero is nothing daunted by this information, but keeps on making love even more desperately than before. A tailor with a judgment against Mrs. Stuart-Dodge, mingles in the episodes about this time; and the hero, who thinks it is a "dun" looking for him, discovers the tailor's real errand, and saves his inamorata from much annoyance. Frederick, of course, finally wins his bride. In doing so, he passes through many humorous, witty, pathetic, satirical and sentimental stages. Mr. Drew shares several love-making scenes with Maud Adams. Olive May has one of the brightest parts, and with her buoyant charms and winning way has made a pronounced hit.—(See page 8.)

"MILRE," OUR NEXT LIBRARY NOVEL.

WHAT a treasure, what a godsend is a really new novel! This, not merely because something fresh is imperatively demanded by the jaded mental appetite that has been surfeited with *risque* romances of French human nature, or bored to death by the American and Russian apostles of alleged realism. There is another reason why an interesting, vital story can be accounted a treasure and a godsend. Modern life with its glaring inequalities presses on all of us who feel as well as think. The poor we have always with us. The mystery of human misery, which must increase in weight as long as our present industrial conditions continue, forces many of us to seek a balm and a solace. There is no *la-tue* equal to literature. The eloquent tribute which Macaulay paid to the influence of Athenian genius is true for all time. "Wherever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain, wherever it brings gladness to eyes that fail with wakefulness and tears and ache for the dark house and the long sleep, there is exhibited in its noblest form the immortal influence of Athens."

Whoever writes a book like "Milre—a Story of Shadow," which *ONCE A WEEK* is now offering to its readers, is a public benefactor. It requires a quality marvelously akin to genius to take a situation so hackneyed as that of Enoch Arden and weave around it a web of character and incident that shall produce not merely one, but a whole series of exciting emotions and beautiful, uplifting sentiments. This is what Mrs. Martha McCulloch Williams, a Southern woman whose magazine stories have attracted some attention, has achieved in her tale of romantic realism called "Milre."

From its first word to its last, this book lives, moves and carries its readers with it. The charming hunting-party of jolly Southern gentlemen with which it opens is depicted in so true a style one might find it difficult to believe that a woman had written it. The explanation of Mrs. Williams's intense sympathy with the poetry of sylvan life is the fact that, as a girl, she used to be the companion of her father, a Southern planter, on his hunting adventures. And the explanation of the charm of style in Mrs. Williams's brief descriptive passages is probably to be found in the fact that her father's library consisted of very few books beyond Shakespeare and Fielding, Byron and the Bible—not an incongruous combination to produce a pure and lucid style. Add to this equipment a mind not to be narrowed into any modern school of fiction, especially not to be colored by that prim and primerschool which is always dreadfully afraid of having things happen in their novels—though things are happening every day in human lives—and we have in Mrs. Williams a novelist who bids fair to charm us more and more with pictures of one section of our national life which has now passed into history, and therefore needs the truer hand of poet and of novelist to save it from fading into fable.

A pretty girl asked an ugly fellow to dance with her. Thinking she must have fallen in love with him, Mr. Plainface pressed her to explain why she had chosen him before any other gentleman present.

"Because, sir, I desired a partner my husband could not possibly be jealous of. He would not object to my dancing with you, I'm sure."

THE English pantomime was invented by Rich. in 1717.

THE RHYMING COMPETITION.

A PERFECT cyclone of rhymed endings overwhelms the editor from persons eager to compete and win the prize for the best verses ending in *over, Grover, Hawaii, and why*. Here are some of the specimens, the merit of which must be judged by the readers:

LAMENTATIONS OF LIL OF HAWAII.

"My kingdom was turned over,"
Said Queen Lil of Hawaii.
"I put my trust in Grover;
He failed me—Oh, tell me why?"

She called his name over and over,
Dethroned Lil of Hawaii;
She got no answer from Grover,
She asked of Willis—"Why?"

He said: "Congress has turned over
The news from Hawaii,
And has gently called down Grover,
And that's the reason why."—H. E. FRASER.

When all this discussion is over,
In regard to the trouble at Hawaii,
Then perhaps our dear President Grover
Will give us his good reasons why.
—MRS. CHARLES H. FLORIAN.

LILUOKALANI'S THOUGHTS.

"If I do not win him over,
And regain my own Hawaii
From the Democratic Grover,
I'll know the reason why."—ALLA WRENWICK.

The reign of Queen Lil was thrown over
By free loving men of Hawaii,
Which incensed the omnipotent Grover,
Who sent Mr. Blount to ask why.—EMMA K. ADAMS.

There's a secret message sent over—
"O Blount, dear Blount, Hawaii!
Lil must be reinstated," says Grover.
But Dole and the people ask, "Why?"
—MRS. L. G. MONROE.

What's all this contention over?
Did I not tell you about Hawaii?
Now I'll have my way, says Grover,
Or I'll know the reason why.—WALTER BARRY.

Now that the *enquete* is over
And Dole is chief boss of Hawaii,
If it's Uncle Sam's duty, dear Grover,
To replant the Lily—say why?

If that bloodthirsty regime, now over,
You reimpose on our friends in Hawaii,
Are you monarchy's champion, dear Grover?
If so, please answer in *ONCE A WEEK* why?
—J. C. MCALISTER.

Alas! the dream is over—
For I and my Hawaii
Forsaken are by Grover;
My anguished heart cries, "Why?"

Lilukalani's reign is over
Forever in Hawaii;
The Eagle screamed too loud for Grover;
And that's the reason why.—HERBERT SIEBEL.

HALL CAINE's new novel, "The Manxman," is at present running as a serial in the *London Queen*. From its early chapters, one feels safe in promising that the story will, at least, match in power and interest the other thrilling novels that have issued from the pen of this popular author. The illustrator, Fred Pegram, seems to have thoroughly entered into the spirit of the book. There is weird sentiment and powerful realism in his well-conceived drawings.



HOW A BI-PARTISAN POLICE BOARD WILL LOOK.

R. C.—"How do you think this new specimen will do, T. P.?"
T. P.—"Do! They'll never mind the stripes on the G. O. P. Elephant. This is a Blissful idea."

AN EVERY DESPERATE CASE

It was long years ago. I do not wish to give away my age; but it was a number of long years ago that I was sitting in a restaurant, I think it was, when my eye was attracted by a placard which read: "If you do not see what you want, ask for it." The invitation was certainly kind, and I think I took advantage of it and asked for something which I did not see. I also think that what I asked for did not appear, and my eye would occasionally flip up and hit that sign. By the time I got discouraged and concluded that there must be something wrong in the wording of the bold placard, I looked again, and it then seemed to me that it read: "If you do not see what you ask, want for it." I think that that is the way it got into my head, and when it once got there, it seemed to me that innumerable occasions occurred to keep it there. It became a fixed thing, and I was mightily sorry for it. Wherever I went, it was sure to be suggested, one way or another, until it actually seemed to be pasted in my hat and head. I could not get rid of it, perhaps because I traveled a great deal and was reminded of it so often.

Well, this was the beginning of a great trouble. "If you don't see what you ask, want for it." The truth is so hard to eschew, and there seemed to be so much truth in the new version, that I could not take it down from the walls of my head and have done with it, nor spit it out of my mouth for good. It got to be a monstrous bore to me.

At last I got a chance to work it into a humorous squib, of which it was the sole point, and sent it to the *Shortville Clarion*. I felt as relieved as if I had lost a friend—I mean a friend who borrows of me and doesn't bother about anything else afterward. I laughed to myself when I thought how easily I had got rid of the pesky thing. My head was once more clear—of that and everything else—as it used to be. I slept o' nights, and got an appetite. When the *Clarion* came, I observed that the editor was sure that I had made a mistake in writing it—"If you don't see what you ask, want for it"—and had kindly corrected it and made it read more familiarly: "If you don't see what you want, ask for it." He did it out of pure kindness to me, but his kindness crushed me.

I went along this way another year—thirteen months it was—when I got a chance to work it in again and try to work it off and get relief. I sent the thing to the *Oskosh Eagle*, and went around town with my head up, and wore a smile two sizes too large for me. The world began to look brighter, and I was glad once more that I was alive.

When the *Eagle* came, it said: "If you don't see what you want, ask for it." That editor pitied my carelessness in writing, and made the correction free of charge, though it cost all the sense and wit of the humorous skit. There happened to be no revolver or bedbug antidote around handy, so I tried to bear it. I suffered eight months and seventeen days, when I succeeded in working it up into another joke, and sent it to the *Wiggville Journal of Liberty*, and took a free breath, and, if I mistake not, a beer. Anyway, it seemed like a new life, and I enjoyed it. I recollect I paid a debt that neither I nor the creditor ever expected would be paid. When this paper arrived I was so nervous that I tore it all to pieces in unfolding it, and found that the considerate editor had seen that "If you don't see what you ask, want for it" wasn't right at all, and with his little blue pencil had kindly corrected it into: "If you don't see what you want, ask for it," which, of course, was the right version.

I think I groped for nearly two years, friendless and alone in crowds, under a burden that was making me round-shouldered, so that the tailor had to make extra allowance when he measured me for a coat, when I had a chance to work it in again and sent it to the editor of the *New York Sizzer*. The ensuing two weeks I greatly enjoyed, and some parts of my health came back. It was hard work to wake me up for breakfast. When I got the paper it read: "If you don't see what you want, ask for it."

The editor, with the kindest heart in the world, had seen where I was wrong, and he took it upon himself to make it read right.

It seemed like it was about eleven years after that (though, according to my dates, it was only a little over one year) that I got it up again in a splendid effort, which I knew would take everywhere, the kernel of which was the "If you don't see what you ask, want for it;" and I dotted every word to let the editor know I wanted them to stand that way. There certainly could be no mistake now, so I sent it to the *Bingtown Bletter*, and sat on the fence to suffer and be strong and to wait and see how it would come out. That editor also saw that my rendition was not right, and had the consideration to put it in its proper shape and make it say: "If you don't see what you want, ask for it."

Five months after I had begun to convalesce from the brain fever that carried on in my head and nearly carried me off—or, at least, carried on till there was no more material for it to work on—I succeeded, after an exhaustive effort in fitting it into a suitable paragraph,

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 220 Power Block, Rochester, N. Y.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It cures acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

which I sent to the editor of the *Weekly Coruscation*, with the following note:

"Dear Mr. Editor—You will see that in the inclosed paragraph I have the sentence: 'If you don't see what you ask, want for it.' Now, that is just what I mean, and I want it printed that way. Yours, etc."

Of course, the editor looked over them and realized that I, in my haste, had made a wrong rendition of the sentence in both cases, and he had to generously alter it.

I think it is about six years, or maybe only five and a half, since I was brought to this asylum, without a struggle. The walls of this cell are completely covered with: "If you don't see what you ask, want for it," and "If you don't see what you want, ask for it." You see, I got to getting it mixed myself. In the meantime, I was made King of England, and have witnessed the beheading of a number of editors who brought it upon themselves with their little blue pencils, which are mightier than the pen. But I don't care. I have delayed the ceremonies of a royal reception to the Emperor of Russia to write this history for your valuable paper, in the hope that I may be made right before the public, and that this phrase may at last appear as I have been all my life trying to have it appear: "If you don't see what you ask, want for it."

In last hopes, A. W. BELLAW.

SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

A WATER-RACE.

WATER dropped on ordinary paper spreads rapidly and makes a wet spot. But on paper that has been oiled or rubbed with lampblack, a drop of water will roll round like a slightly flattened ball. The experiment here illustrated is based on that fact. If you wish to try it, place four books up-right on a table, each being smaller than the preceding one. Then take a long, wide strip of paper—or several pieces may be joined—which has been oiled or rubbed with lampblack, and pin it to the backs of the books, leaving it to undulate between them in the manner shown.

The undulations should be more pronounced as they approach the smallest book. Set a plate under the lower extremity of the paper. Now, beginning at the upper end, throw drops of water on the paper. They will run down the incline, and by the force of the momentum thus received will be driven up over the back of the second book, and so on until they reach the plate. It is a curious and pretty sight to see the drops chase one another up and down as if they were trying a race.

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SKETCH OF A POPULAR AUTHOR IN 1950.

DURING the last ten years the reading public has noticed from time to time, in the leading periodicals of the day, choice bits of verse and prose—pastels of superior merit, signed by Grace Granville. Only since the publication of the remarkable novel, "The Passionate Peri," has the fact crept out that "Grace Granville" is the pen-name of Mr. John Dumont.

That a young man, not yet out of his twenties, should be the author of such a striking romance augurs well for the ultimate advancement of the male sex toward intellectual equality.

It is a sad commentary upon the injustice of the world, however, to find this gifted young man obliged to mask his identity under a feminine nom de plume, in order to gain respectful attention from the public and just treatment from the critics.

Even at the early age of ten he evinced marked talent for literature; but his parents, strongly imbued with the prejudice of the times against any publicity for young men, frowned upon his artistic tastes and endeavored to turn his inclinations into more domestic channels.

Genius like his was not to be crushed or suppressed, however. But he saw the necessity of assuming a woman's name if he entered a public career, in order to avoid the brutal assaults a conventional world hurls ever at a man who dares to leave the beaten track which custom demands he should follow.

Our young author succeeded, and now only the envious will refuse to John Dumont the praise which has so freely been bestowed upon Grace Granville.

Without doubt a few strait-laced people will frown upon the intensity of emotion and strength of mind displayed by the young man who composed "The Passionate Peri." But the world moves, and the time will come when man shall be allowed the same freedom of thought, feeling and expression which is so freely granted to women.

When that time comes, the world will honor the name of John Dumont as one of the pioneers of man's emancipation. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"IZEYL"—BERNHARDT'S NEW PLAY.

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT is scoring another grand success in Armand Sylvestre's new drama, "Izeyl," which is now running at the actress's own Paris theatre, The Renaissance. The play is eminently Bernhardtian, both in conception and representation. Izeyl is an Indian courtesan, beloved of Prince Scyndia, to the sorrow of his mother, Princess Harastri. The prince steals the golden tripod from the temple and places it at the door of Izeyl, by which act the wrath of the populace is excited against the courtesan. Then the Buddha appears on the scene, and, learning of the misery of his people, throws down his crown and announces his resolution of living an ascetic life in the desert. Izeyl, witnessing this scene, and becoming enamored of the Buddha, resolves to move him from his determination. She follows him to the desert; but, though she succeeds in inspiring him with love for her, his purpose does not waver, and he finally wins her over to his views.

She returns to her palace and prepares to distribute her riches to the poor. But the prince, having heard of her return, seeks her out and pleads to be re-instated in her favor. She refuses. In a frenzy of love he flings himself on her; but she, seizing a dagger, stabs and kills

him. When Harastri discovers the deed, she denounces Izeyl and orders her to be tortured. (See page 9.) The last act shows Izeyl abandoned in the forest, her eyes put out, and her impending fate to be devoured by vultures. But before the end, the Buddha happens to come that way, and, avowing his love for her, she dies in happiness, and is buried by the faithful, who lay palms on her grave.

HUNTING THE CARIBOU.

THE Canadian caribou, or, as it is sometimes called, the reindeer of Canada, is a migratory animal, being in that respect different from the ordinary red deer, or moose. In the Province of Quebec the principal home or hunting-ground of the caribou is on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River, between Three Rivers and the Labrador coast; but many are killed in the counties on the south shore, notably in those counties below Quebec City.

They are also found all through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and vast droves of them have been seen in Newfoundland. They are considerably larger than the red deer, but not so large as the moose. One characteristic difference between the caribou and ordinary deer or moose, is that they, the caribou, never "yard" in the winter, but continue to travel about all through the season in the deepest snows. When they migrate from one section of the country to another in the winter, they always travel in bands. They feed principally on moss. They have a hoof, or foot, very much like that of an ox—very large for the size of the animal.

Mr. Leonard Thomas of Melbourne, Quebec, who is a very successful hunter of large game, and who kindly furnished us with the information here given, shot, a few years ago, a caribou that weighed about four hundred pounds dressed, including the head and hide. The color of these animals varies. Some are a light drab, with a brown stripe running along their back, and nose and head medium dark brown; others are of rather a drab-fawn color.—(See page 4.)

DEATH OF GOVERNOR CARVELL.

A SPECIAL dispatch received on February 15, announced the death of Honorable J. S. Carvell, Governor of Prince Edward Island, whose serious illness was reported a few weeks ago in our columns. The late Governor was much beloved by the people of Prince Edward Island, and his untimely death is regarded as a great calamity.

Much sympathy is felt for Mrs. Carvell, who was ever a devoted helpmate to her distinguished husband. Since the beginning of his illness in the end of November she has nursed him assiduously, being rarely absent from the sick-chamber. Until quite recently no fears were entertained for the life of the Governor, and his sad demise was a shock to many. He was well known throughout Canada, and his loss will be widely mourned.

THIS is the portrait, in uniform, of "the Gold-Stick-in-Waiting," and the oldest member of the *Herald* staff,



JIMMIE WILLIAMS.

late returned from *Paris*, and resplendent in brand-new uniform, imported from the Avenue Champs Elysées. Jimmy, who still wears a juvenile look, is almost the age of the *Herald* proprietor. He has served under many dynasties, and has grown more useful and popular with years. Jimmy is to Mr. Bennett, when in New York, what Dan Lambert used to be to Grover Cleveland. All visitors have to pass through his hands, and he knows almost intuitively who are the bores and hum-

A LONELY VOWEL.

In an English paper of the eighteenth century we find a curiosity in poetry. It deserves a better fate than to perish with the old paper, and will be enjoyed by all lovers of old literature:

A ONE-VOWEL POEM.

"No monk too good to rot, or cog, or plot,
No fool so gross to bolt Scotch collops, hot,
From Donjon top no Oranoko rolls,
Logwood, not laces, floods Oporto's bowls,
Troops of old Tomspots, oft to sots, consort,
Box-tops, old schoolboys, too, do flag for sport,
No cool muscous blow off on Oxford dons—
Orthodox, Joe-trot, book-worm Solomons,
Bold Ostrogroths of ghosts no horror show,
On London shop-fronts no hop-blossoms grow,
To crocks of gold no Dodo looks for food,
On soft cloth footstools no old fox doth brood;
Lone, storm-tossed sloops, farlorn, do work to port,
Rooks do not roost on spoons, nor woodcocks snort,
No dog on snow-drop or on eolt's foot rolls,
Nor common frog conceit long pro-tocols."

Daughter—"I just read in a paper that girls who learn the cornet, clarinet, flute or trombone develop the prettiest and cutest little dimples in their cheeks that—"

Father—"Yes, but think of the wrinkles they develop in everybody else."

Wild-eyed Man—"I want some soothing syrup, quick!"

Druggist—"What sized bottle?"

Wild-eyed Man—"Bottle! I want a keg; it's twins."

For a clear head and steady nerves
Take Bromo-Seltzer—trial bottle 10 cents.

THE CARNIVAL AT NICE, FRANCE.



If there is anything that sets a whole population dancing like figures worked by strings it is the Carnival at Nice, and this year has been no exception; for the news that King Carnival the Twenty-second was coming has aroused the quaint old

town to a fever heat of excitement. What an agitated state of latent effervescence Nice must exist in to be able to fizz over so excitedly every year! Doubtless the rays of the sun, warming up the spirits of the natives for so many days in the year, have something to do with this annual letting off of steam. The hard times seem no longer felt during this term of gayety, where dull care is blown off like a zephyr. While the Carnival is on the wane in many places, Folly is still high in the zenith on the Riviera, so that when the King arrives it is taken as a signal for all to throw themselves, as loyal subjects, at his feet. Conventionality is, for the nonce, sent flying between the cold moon and this mundane sphere, and its scattered feathers only provoke the more merriment.

Ten days of fun and dancing! Carnival in effigy enconced in state, puissant, and echoing: "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone." Did old Rome ever don a stranger garb than gay Nice in the

week before Lent? Surely the cosmopolitan crowds who haunt the banks of the Paillon never laugh so much all the year as they do at Nice in her Carnival dress.

King Carnival XXII. is represented by a gigantic figure, mounted upon an immense bass-drum, with a huge pair of cymbals, which his left hand clings together in a most deafening way. Four white horses—the most creamy white that can be found—draw the wagon, which forms the chariot of state. As the carriage advances, the King bows most graciously to his people, who greet him with joyous acclamations, and over whose heads he waves the fool's cap and bells, which he carries at the end of a stick in his right hand. The four corners of the royal car are decorated with these wands of Folly, that support lines from which are hung bright-colored streamers. The King's costume is rose-colored and white satin, which the hump on his back shows off to great advantage, while it at the same time gives him a very grotesque appearance. Musical scores surround the car, which also has the additional decoration of lyres and palms. As the procession advances, the members of the royal household dance about their sovereign in the most fanciful and foolish manner possible. Now and again they burn colored lights, which render his majesty's costume still more radiant.

Immediately behind the triumphal car, full of the gayety of his carnival majesty, smiling and humpbacked, comes a bronze tripod of immense size, drawn by two magnificent horses, caparisoned in gold and purple, with long trap-

pings trailing from their feet and sweeping the ground. In a long procession extending many blocks along the broad avenues follow all sorts of grotesque figures, almost all of which are of mammoth proportions. Some of these are seen at their best during the evening exhibitions, as they are prepared to burn colored lights, send off Roman candles or exhibit other fireworks tending toward bringing out the points which they are especially designed to illustrate. The Lou Babou, which followed immediately behind the Car of State, is a case in point. There was a flame darting out from the top of his head, while from his mouth darted forth red and green lights.

One quite taking piece represented the dream of happiness of a number of children. A small car carries a flat top, which takes the place of the floor of what is intended to be a furnished apartment. A number of children are spinning tops, playing ball, fishing out the gold-fish that are swimming about in a big glass globe in the center, playing on the piano with their feet, and, in fact, doing all sorts of things that they have been forbidden to do, while on the front of the car is a Punch-and-Judy show most admirably executed.

A great deal of amusement was created by a wire salad-basket carried by a vehicle rigged with springs, which made it jump, and so shake up a lot of gendarmes dressed up like Offenbach's carabinieri. An orchestra, mounted before and behind the basket, plays music, to which the carabinieri are supposed to be keeping time. These are only a few of the large pieces—those probably upon which the largest sums of money have been expended. In the hundreds that made up the procession there were a number that will probably be high upon the prize list; but the chief merit of their decorations lies in the fact that they take off some local hit, which, though wildly exciting and amusing to the local people, were almost without point to the stranger.

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THE present edition of Tennyson, a full-sized illustration of which appears on this page, is as well bound and printed as it is possible to bind and print a set of books. The material used on the back of cover is genuine calf-skin, and the six volumes, taken together, are good value at five dollars.

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but the reader will not be surfeited with any one kind. From one fortnight to the other there will be a continued variety; all the peoples, and tongues, and nationalities of civilization will be seen in the Semi-Monthly Library of new fiction. Twenty-six new novels like these are good value, surely, at five dollars.

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Tennyson lived through a score of literary new fashions, fads, isms and schools; but still remained Tennyson the only, the unapproachable, the inimitable. He felt the influence of none of them. He was fiercely attacked in the beginning, in 1832, by *Blackwood's Maga-*



PORTRAIT OF TENNYSON.
 (Showing class of Engravings used in this Edition.)

zine, under "Christopher North," and by the *Quarterly*, under Lockhart. For ten years he remained silent, but it was not destined to continue. Commencing in 1842 with a selection of verse, new and old, the mighty outpouring continued, at long intervals, until his death.

Tennyson was, supremely and more than all else, an artist and a musician. The English language yielded harmonies to his touch that it refused to Milton. "There are passages in his work," said Poe, "which rivet a conviction I had long entertained that the indefinite is an element in the true *poiesis*. Why do some people fatigue themselves in attempts to unravel such fantasy-pieces as 'The Lady of Shalott'?" As well unweave *centus textilis*. Indeed, it is this very indefiniteness of meaning which makes the best of Tennyson's poems sing and ripple to the ear. Take these few lines from "Tithonus":

"The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
 The vapors weep their burthen to the ground,
 Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
 And after many a summer dies the swan—
 Me only cruel immortality Consumes!"

and, having read them, ask yourself whether there is not here a harmony which satisfies the ear and saves the brain from too precise and sharp-cut an impression.

The charm is in the perfect vocalization which imitators have overlooked. "So perfect was Tennyson's rhythmical instinct in general," says Poe, "that he seemed to see with his ears." He could glorify the simplest words with a flash of color by dropping them in the inevitably right place, and his pages are studded with jewels, exquisite and brilliant.

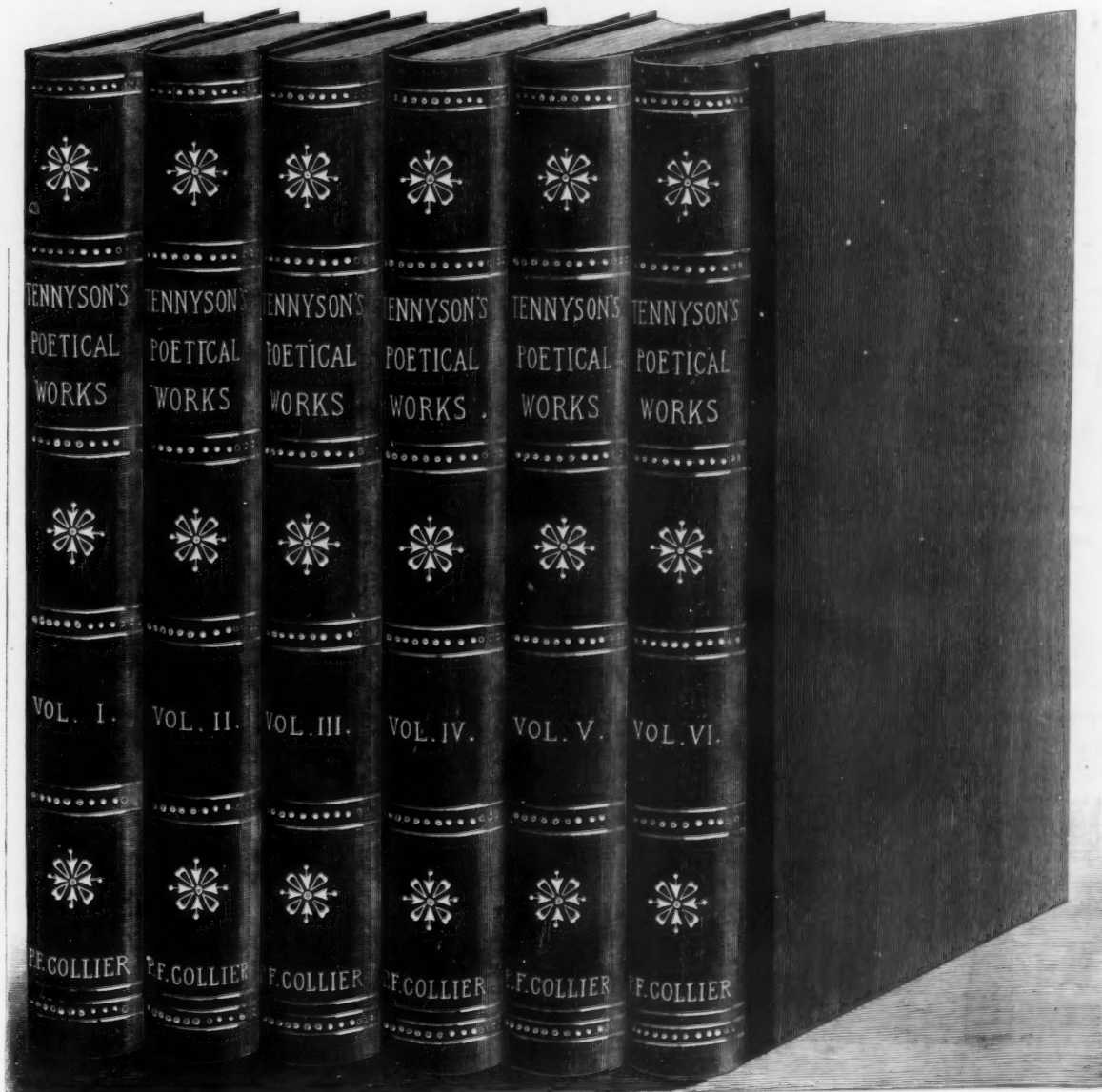
He could touch off a scene or a portrait in a couple of lines. He realized landscape as simply and broadly as Virgil himself; and though he always fitted his pictures with the best words, yet he observed faithfully, and, by his fine taste of selection, reconciled truth of aspect with beauty of expression.

Tennyson's work was his life, and appreciation is his best and truest biography. He established upon the sure foundation of tradition and taste a style and method all his own. He lived a full and perfect life, and bequeathed to the world an inestimable and immortal treasure.

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NEW FASHIONS IN MOURNING.

If a woman's ambition to be well-dressed is pardonable in ordinary circumstances, it is essential when she finds herself obliged to assume the garb of mourning. The black gown, being a mark of respect for a lost friend or relative, should not be worn at all unless it fittingly expresses the sentiment which is its *raison d'être*. You remember the "sharp-faced, sharp-eyed, sharp-elbowed, strenuous-looking woman" in "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table," whose black dress appeared "as if it began as a piece of mourning and perpetuated itself as a bit of economy." Well, I always think of that unprepossessing type of femininity when I see mourning abused, or made to do double duty—as it sometimes is—by women who are not ultra-fastidious.

Whenever possible, mourning garments should be of the finest and richest quality within the reach of the wearer. Handsome materials wear well to the last, and lend a desirable degree of dignity to the somber costume. Elaborate trimming being out of place on mourning gowns, too much attention cannot be paid to their cut and finish, in order to secure a look of elegance and becomingness. Remember, it is no compliment to a dead friend to make one's self look like a frump.

By the kind permission of Messrs. Lord & Taylor our artist was enabled to sketch the accompanying very handsome imported crêpe costumes. The one in the center is a creation of Worth's, and the other two were designed by Jay & Co., of London. The first of these shows a walking costume with a triple cape. The graduated folds used as trimming are cut on the straight of the crêpe, producing a distinctly novel effect. Folds of crêpe form the bonnet those resting on the hair being of white crêpe. The veil is plaited at the back in tiny plaits, and falls gracefully below the waist. The



No. 2.

umbrella to be carried with this costume is entirely covered with crêpe.

The Worth gown has a demi-train, and is trimmed with black chiffon. Four rows of fine knife-plaiting embellish the skirt. The sleeves, yoke and upper part of umbrella are of the same material. Plaited tabs, headed by a rosette, hang from the yoke. A kind of girdle encircles the waist, is tied in front, and the long ends hang in soft folds to near the bottom of the skirt. The hat is of plaited chiffon,

the two rosettes resting on the hair in front being of white chiffon. A large,



No. 3.

dull jet ball is placed on the top of the hat to the right, and two black chiffon rosettes form a heading to the veil where



No. 1.

it is fastened to the hat. The veil is very long, and is cut on the bias at the bottom.

The third sketch shows a circular skirt having five bias folds above the hem, and two rows of double-box plaiting bound with a tiny fold of straight crêpe placed slightly above the middle. The basque has wide lapels and a circular tail, trimmed with a tiny box-plaiting. A belt of dull jet beads is worn over it. A jabot of white chiffon is a novelty successfully introduced into deep mourning costumes. This one is drawn in at the waist and fastened with a full rosette, in the center of which is a large jet ornament. The cap is of white chiffon, closely shirred, and has flowing ends, extending a little below the waist line. The sleeves have full frills of white chiffon at the wrists.

The handkerchief is of white linen, daintily embroidered in black. The umbrella is of black silk, edged with a deep fold of crêpe.

Those who like to hear of novelties in the details of dress-making will do well to notice the smart dinner-gown shown in the illustration No. 2. It is carried out in black moiré antique, with a narrow border of mink round the hem of the skirt. The plain, tight-fitting bodice fastens over on one side with a deep collar of ivory-tinted satin embroidered in jet sequins and bordered with fur. The peculiarity of the gown lies in the sleeves, which are cut quite long, so as almost to cover the hands, over which they fall with pointed satin embroidered cuffs to match the collar. This style would prove distinctly advantageous to a wearer whose hands lacked whiteness and shapeliness, though it need not be confined to such; for a pretty hand would undoubtedly look twice as pretty if only "half-revealed."

No. 3 is a charmingly simple home even-

ing-dress, made of moonlight-gray crêpe de chine, with a plaited skirt, yoke and bib, and a bodice and sleeves of miroir velvet. The belt and yoke are outlined with gold galon, glittering with jet. I hear that the best dressmakers are now making skirts with padded interlinings, to give them a soft appearance.



No. 4.

rower black satin ribbon and a jet buckle. Bows of moiré are on the sleeves.

A pale pink rose is an agreeable adjunct to this toilet. The very stylish hat is of

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bill has been introduced at Albany to allow the people of New York to vote next November on a rapid transit road, to be constructed and owned by the city. So long!

In the suit brought by the Government against the Sugar Trust, Judge Butler, in the United States Circuit at Philadelphia, decided against the Government. The bill of complaint set up that the taking of the Philadelphia refineries into the Trust was illegal. The complaint was dismissed.

THE Turks, who are unrivaled coffee-makers, do not use the mill with the berry, but pound it in mortars with pestles of wood. When these machines have been long used for the purpose they are esteemed precious, and sell at a large price.

THE GAS BURNED LOW.

The hour was late,
But well I knew
Ma mere would wait,
Not Cousin Lou.

I entered soft—
The gas burned low;
She sat there oft—
How should I know?

I stole behind
And gently kissed;
She flashed—n y mind
Was all in mist.

"The gas burned low—
My mother's place—"
I falter slow
And plead for grace.

She pouted sweet,
Her cheeks were flushed;
Her little feet
The carpet brushed.

Her eyes I saw,
And straight was lost;
I read no more
With doubting tossed.

I forward leaned,
I did not miss;
But deftly gleamed
Another kiss.

She did not scold,
But shook her head;
"You're very bold,"
She smiled and said.—H. B. S.

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MOTHER'S POINT OF VIEW.

THERE they go! My eldest daughter with Captain Mereday, and Cornelia with Mr. Van Kicker.

I shall not see them again till the end of the evening. It's not *de rigueur* now to come back to your chaperon, Cornelia tells me. It's not *de rigueur* to do anything one doesn't want, I think.

Cornelia considers that she and Mr. Van Kicker are engaged. At least, not engaged—they would scorn the commonplace, degrading expression; she's got no ring, or any old-fashioned nonsense of that sort, but they are Affinities. That's enough for them. It seems a very lame sort of affair. He hasn't got enough money to marry on. He never will unless he works. I don't think he ever means to work, myself. She never consults me, or I could tell her things. . . .

There is that dear little fool Ethel going about with the very veteran flirt who wrecked her own aunt's peace of mind fifteen years ago, and prevented her ever marrying. He's playing the same game with Ethel. He's fifty and the most terrible flirt in New York. He has persuaded Ethel that she is adorable. So he did poor Fanny! I know all about him, but what's the good? If I speak about it to Ethel, she only snubs me and says I don't know—that I can't know, etc. Why make disagreeableness? It's better to hold one's tongue.

It is the fashion to treat a mother as if she were a blind bat and saw nothing, but what she was told. . . . but I see a great deal more than they think. I often pretend I don't see things when I do. It's less trouble. It's such hard work arguing with girls. They have young wits, and turn everything round so; and, even if one isn't convinced, one has to say so for the sake of peace and quietness.

People ask me if I've heard of the Daughters' Strike, and read the article about it in the *Nineteenth Century*. Of course I have. Cornelia brought it in on purpose to floor me with. It was very nicely and neatly written, but I wonder

if the writer speaks from actual experience? There is to be a Union of Daughters, she says, and a series of test questions for mothers drawn up. Do you allow your daughter to ride in the Park alone? Do you allow her to consult a doctor alone? Do you allow her to go and see "Mrs. Tanqueray"—and so on. Allow! Why, they do as they like. It is the mothers who are not "allowed" to do this or that—who are sent to school again—who are in a constant state of tutelage. And, as it is, I am always putting my foot in it. I "don't understand." "Such and such a thing isn't done now," or "Everybody does it." I am "old-fashioned." I am not "up-to-date." Perhaps I don't want to be. Up-to-dateness seems, to my benighted intellect, to mean bad manners, irresponsibility, flippancy, and selfishness.

Ethel has read all Ibsen's plays. She has got her life to live, she says; she must not "repress her individuality"; she must "develop her personality," poor girl! Cornelia agrees with the *Nineteenth Century* that every girl ought to have a "Wanderjahr" and make her own mistakes. She wants to gain her own experience. She doesn't care to make use of her mother's before her. A mother, according to them, is only a kind of helpless Survival of the Unfittest—to be trained and educated and dragged up-to-date, as far as her obtuseness and obstinacy will allow.

I resent it, but I can't help it. I do my best to "keep pace with modern thought." I have even read "Keynotes," and John Oliver Hobbes, and that hateful "Dodo." It is as much as my place is worth to look shocked at the terrible things that people say in my own drawing-room, and I am quite willing to wear fly-away caps that don't fit, because they are fashionable.

Do I catch a glimpse of Cornelia sitting on the stairs with Mr. Le Marchant, and letting him fan her? I can't understand her letting anybody do that but the man she's engaged to. And there he sits, a little way off, with some one else, composedly watching Cornelia flirt, just as if they had been married for years!

Well, I suppose they know their own business best, but that isn't the way we used to conduct a love affair.

No, thank you, Mr. Bingham, I'm quite comfortable here. There's no draught, I assure you. No, I don't think I'll have an ice, thank you.

Why does he bother with an old woman like me? For I am old. I am lazy, I am conscious of my body. I am too tired to trouble to engage any one's attention, or bother to be entertaining. I want just to sit here in my corner, and be let alone, and close my eyes, if I like. They just bother me by coming and trying to be polite. It's only cupboard civility at the best. Bingham is civil to me because

he's in love with Ethel. I know that. He's not by way of being chivalrous as a general thing.

Ethel won't look at him. Of course not. He's clean, well-shaven and fresh-complexioned, and doesn't burn the midnight oil or his eyes out over books, or spoil his complexion with actor's "make-up," and isn't tragic, or pedantic, or morbid, or anything—just the kind of man she hates! She likes authors and actors and people who have "made their mark!" It depends on the mark, in my opinion.

Now, I hate Bohemians. I hate Mr. Maurice Kronofski, with the long hair, and the gray complexion, and the bad manners, and the kind of smell of the footlights he brings with him when he comes to call. I hate Miss Deliria Tremens, and her slang, and her fast French songs, and her penny-a-lining, and her cropped head. She lives in a flat by herself, and never seems to have a regular meal, and talks French, and reads the *Pink 'Un*. Ethel and Cornelia think her original, and daring, and *fin de siècle*. . . . I call her bad form, simply. What time is it? Twelve! Oh, dear, this is a dull party, and for all the good I am, I might as well be at home and in my bed. I yearn for my bed.

No, dearie, I'm not a bit tired. I don't want to go home yet. I was only shutting my eyes because I was thinking. I want a little talk with Mrs. Fleming, and I've promised to go in to supper with the general. Run away, dear, run away and dance. I'm all right.

Now for another couple of hours. Oh, dear! But I could not have spoiled their pleasure, poor things!

Who is the woman Ethel is talking to? I declare, I haven't the slightest idea. What a thing it is not to know one's own daughter's friends! She is making an appointment with her, whoever she is, to go and dine to-morrow.

Where did she dine last night? I positively don't know. I suppose I was told. Really they might be young men for all I know of their movements. They have latch-keys, and they lose them, and the house is free to a certain number of burglars in consequence. Can't be helped. I oughtn't to be nervous, they say, and if I am, I'm an idiot. They generally "go out" alone. I'm not sure it isn't best. Mothers or chaperons are not wanted, according to the present system of things. They chose to bring me to-night. I'm sure I can't think why. "So nice of you to bring your mother!" sniggered our hostess to Ethel as we came in. I suppose she meant it as a joke. Hateful woman!

What, back again? My dear child? Want to go home? Are you bored? Vexed? Oh, very well. I don't mind, only you must settle it with Ethel. She's over there.

Something has gone wrong! Cornelia and Mr. Van Kicker have quarreled! Poor girl! I'm sorry for her—her lips are pressed quite tight. For all her independence, she'll come and cry on my shoulder, to-night, when she undresses, and tell me she's perfectly, utterly, absolutely miserable! A mother is some good, then! V. H.

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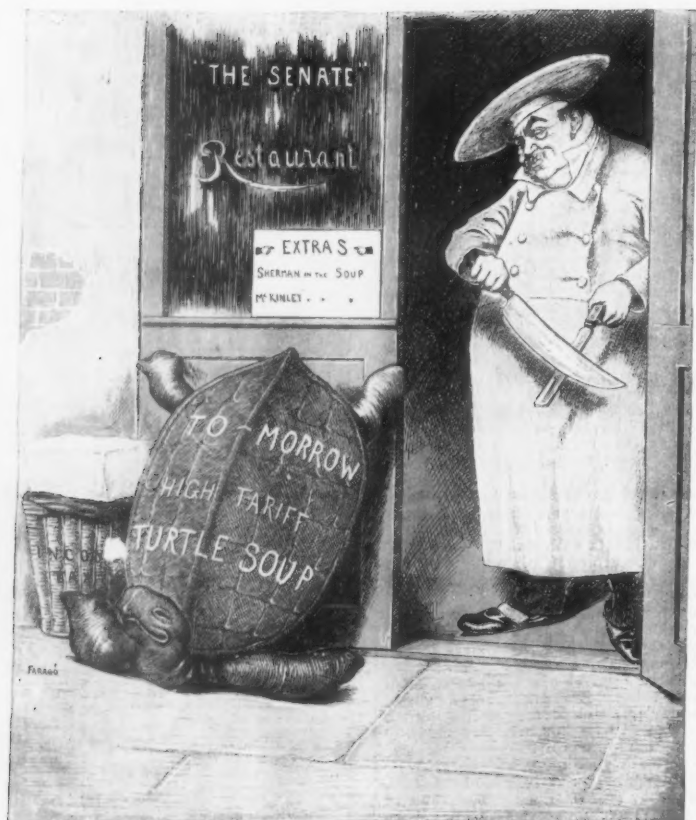
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